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GLIMPSES OF

THE PEACE

CONFERENCE

EDITH CALTAGIAN



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GLIMPSES OF

THE PEACE

CONFERENCE.

GLIMPSES
OF THE
PEACE CONFERENCE

By EDITH CALLAHAN,

Special Paris Correspondent of the Catholic Press
Association.



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Glimpses of the Peace Conference.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

Office of the President
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

December 13th, 1918.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS:..

That I, Thomas P. Hart, President of "The Catholic Press Association of the United States and Canada," reposing special confidence and trust in Edith Callahan, of Louisville, Ky., do hereby appoint the said Edith Callahan as the duly authorized staff representative of "The Catholic Press Association of the United States and Canada" at the Peace Conference to be held in France. Hereby authorizing the said Edith Callahan to do all things, which she may deem proper on behalf of said "The Catholic Press Association of the United States and Canada." Giving and granting to Said Edith Callahan all the Powers and privileges, which I myself might exercise as staff representative at such conference.

THOMAS P. HART,
President.

COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION,
Washington, D. C., November 27, 1918.

George Creel, Chairman
The Secretary of State
The Secretary of War
The Secretary of the Navy

TO THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE AL-
LIED GOVERNMENTS AND OTHERS
WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

The bearer of this letter is officially accredited as a member of the United States Press Delegation, visiting Europe in connection with the Peace Conference and accompanying the party of the President. As such, she is commended to your consideration for such courtesy and assistance as you may be able to extend her in the pursuance of her duties.

This letter is issued to Edith Callahan of the Catholic Press Association.

By authority and under the seal of the United States Committee on Public Information.

(Signed) GEORGE CREEL,
Chairman.

(From the Catholic Telegraph, January 9, 1919).

Louisville Lady Represents Catholic Press Association at Peace Conference.

The Catholic Press Association of the United States and Canada has secured the services of Miss Edith Callahan, of Louisville, Ky., daughter of Col. P. H. Callahan, who will represent the Association as its special correspondent at the Peace Conference in Paris.

Miss Callahan sailed early in December, properly accredited with letters from Dr. Thomas P. Hart, President of the Catholic Press Association and George Creel, Chairman Committee on Public Information.

Miss Callahan, who received all her early education from the Sisters of Mercy in Louisville, has been attending the Comstock School of Music, New York, for several years, preparing for a musical career. She has spent considerable time in Europe, and was overseas during August and September, 1914, while the mobilization of the opposing armies was going on, and the first battles of the world war were being fought. She accompanied her distinguished father to Washington, when he went thither to establish and develop the Knights of Columbus War Work; and she is thoroughly familiar with the objects and purposes of those

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activities. Consequently, she has the advantages of an experience, which few others possess.

There will necessarily be developments at the Peace Conference, with a more or less definite relation to the interests of the Church, which might be underestimated, as to their news value, by the ordinary secular writers; and the members of the Catholic Press Association are to be congratulated on securing as their correspondent a representative, from whom they may expect to receive information they might not obtain from any other source.

Miss Callahan landed at Liverpool, England, on December 23.

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Letters Written From Europe to the Catholic
Press Association of the United States
and Canada—By Edith Callahan.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 23.—We have just arrived here, and as I know you are eagerly awaiting an account of our voyage, I am mailing the enclosed letter at the very first opportunity.

ON BOARD

S. S. EMPRESS OF BRITAIN: — Ocean travel is not yet accommodated to peace conditions; the most war-like atmosphere prevails everywhere, in securing passports, providing necessities for the voyage (conveniences are not to be thought of), and especially in the ship appointments and the personnel on board. It is quite interesting; altogether unexpected. I hurried on board to see what my cabin was like, then started off to say good-bye to my waiting friends, when a British officer informed me that I was on to stay!

Such simple wants as pen and ink are not to be filled. One may not send a telegram. I have no idea when Dr. Hart will receive this letter; we are not informed about the mails. Nearly all inquiries on board meet with a polite admonition to remember that we are traveling on a transport, which is quite unneces-

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sary, for the poor boat is eloquent of that. With careful scrutiny one observes that it was once an elegant, palatial affair, but, like Wolsey, it sighs a farewell to former greatness. Paintings and tapestries have given place to signs reading: "Officers' Mess," "Officers' Hospital Ward," etc. Once luxurious quarters are now stuffy compartments; and everywhere are plain, white iron walls.

But it is delightful! One imagines the good ship bearing our gallant soldiers over, officered by brave, silent men; nosing its way through mine-infested waters, camouflaged by day and blank dark by night; for leagues and leagues a hunted thing! One can almost imagine that the great craft itself had some undefined sense of the service it was rendering to His Majesty and to the world. And how the ship's officers do love her! I am beginning to understand Admiral Beatty's high contempt for a command, that, without a fight, could surrender an entire battle-fleet.

"AND OTHERS."

On board are "secretaries" of every variety: K. of C., Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., J. W. B., W. C. C. S., A. L. A., S. A. (the seven war-work agencies), and more besides. Then there are budding diplomats and specialists and experts, anybody who could convince the passport authorities of his probable usefulness in one or another part of Europe. There are but few correspondents, most of them having sailed at a prior date, as the Catholic Press Associa-

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tion intended me to do, could I have managed it so. This way seems much better, however, as we are all just a little freer with each other in the exchange of those profound and weighty thoughts that you can imagine we are thinking.

For already we have made peace and built a league of nations and determined the rights of peoples a dozen times over. We have settled all the problems of reconstruction, too, in various ways, and have even disposed of the Hohenzollerns; but just one way that. Somehow, though, we can not shoo off the Bolsheviki; they are such a pliable, elastic set, that we no faster eradicate them from one group than they spring up in another; and none, including themselves, ever seems to know where they are at.

INTERESTING VARIETY OF OPINIONS.

But, really, the opinions one hears on ship board in these times are very, very interesting. The Latin proverb about there being as many minds as there are heads, was never so strikingly illustrated to me. Some views I hear are novel, some are informing, and some are truly illuminating. A few are alarming; and I am not one unaccustomed to so-called radical utterances, either. But these are different. There is a note of something more than mere protest in them. There is a Tower-of-Babel tone to them as though they originate in a purpose to do things in spite of Heaven's decrees. They set running a subtle current of thought,

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that, in spirit at least, seems to me not unlike the thoughts underlying what we understand as *Kultur*.

BLASPHEMOUS EXTREMISTS.

And I have been wondering how well on guard are we against this subtle influence, which gently suggests that the whole Christian edifice is a sham structure because our Lord came down from heaven instead of bringing heaven down with Him, a mistake that must be corrected at once—by compulsory means, if necessary. Happily, the expression of this pagan thought seems rare; we can sincerely hope that the thought itself is likewise rare.

These reflections have little to do with my mission to give the Catholic Press Association a report of the Peace Conference, with light on some of its innumerable angles touching Catholic ideas; but they crowded on me with such energy, when I began this letter, that I had to give them place. And besides, until I reach *terra firma* again and have a chance at the papers, I am somewhat chary about airing the rather undigested opinion on various topics, that have been unfolded to me *en route*; so will just pigeonhole them until I get "in touch."

WIRELESS WORD OF WILSON.

We learned by wireless today that President Wilson is to be in England probably during Christmas week; and, as the "Empress of Britain" should port before Christmas, I hope to have something of interest to relate in connection with the hearty reception that he will, of

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course, be given. I can imagine him breaking all sorts of precedents—don't you know?—like the proverbial strong animal of the bovine kind, loose in a ten cent store.

I shall myself be very much interested in "England Today," as it was my fortune (misfortune we then thought it) to be there in August, 1914, when the great conflagration began. Perhaps my next letter should be "England Then and Now."

**“Hands Across the Sea” Game While People
Await Anxiously Outcome of Peace
Conference**

LONDON, Dec. 30.—“Tell me if England is much changed,” urges a friend in a letter just received from dear old U. S. I shall tell her: “Very much.” The England of Christmas 1918, is far removed from the England of August, 1914. Not so much in the physical aspects, to be sure, although evidence that she has gone through awful years of war is seen on all sides. The change in the old country is deeper, far deeper. It is a change of heart. It is a change of the people themselves, of their conventions, their traditions even, and their world outlook. I cannot quite describe the impression one gets from contact with the England of today. President Wilson summed it up beautifully in one of his characteristic phrases, spoken in the Guildhall here: “There is a new tide running in the hearts of men,” he said; and all England has caught on to that phrase. How deep the tide, how wide! Whether it will reach the shores of Ireland before it ebbs—well, my friend didn’t ask me that much.

THE OVATION TO WILSON.

I shall always count it the most interesting opportunity of my life to have been here, when

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President Wilson was given that wonderful ovation on the day of his arrival, when two million people, staid, sober, unemotional English people, acclaimed him loud and long, and again and again. One never felt so keenly the pride of being an American, as when this deep current of emotion set going the slow-moving English blood. For a moment the unbidden tears came; and I felt as one old and gray, as though centuries had intervened since that 1914 August day, whose midnight hour was a signal for the Nations to start a grim crucifixion of their peoples.

THE SINN FEIN SURPRISE.

The result of the December election, the first since "Ye olden tyme," four years ago, has just been announced. It had two surprises for these complacent islanders. First was the extraordinary showing of the Sinn Feiners, who captured seventy-two seats in the Parliament, one of them at the expense of John Dillon, who had succeeded Redmond as the Irish National leader. It is understood that the Sinn Feiners will not qualify for their places, which is a stand for Ireland's independence as opposed to Home Rule.

At the time of the elections, a fortnight since, there was a general expectation that Irish independence might form a topic for discussion at Versailles, and to insure that, every possible effort was put forth by its advocates. There is now prevalent, however, and apparently growing, a rather certain conviction that the Peace Congress will not hear of Ireland's indepen-

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dence, if, indeed, it touches the Irish question at all. An ardent Irish sympathizer yesterday put it to me this way. "The Powers will probably render their verdict in a paraphrase of scripture: 'The Irish ye have always.'"

LABOR'S LOSS AT ELECTION.

The other surprise of the elections was the small number of seats secured by the Labor Party. It was generally conceded that Labor would win around a hundred seats; instead, it got ten. I hear different and conflicting conclusions expressed as to what this "slump" may be taken to indicate. A typical old Englander sees in it the consoling assurance that there is scarcely a taint of Bolshevism here. The habitual "under-dog" champion is not so sanguine; he refers to an old English law—of one of the Edwards, I believe, enacted after the Hundred Years War—that compelled laborers to work for wages fixed by magistrates in their districts, and warns against another exhibition of that unsympathetic spirit, which the returns indicate to him has by no means disappeared.

PRIDE OF EMPIRE.

I can imagine that both of these views are somewhat biased. The extreme popularity of Lloyd George, for awhile "sicklied o'er with a pale cast," was suddenly revived by his Britannia-Rules-the-Waves and Forty-Billion-Indemnity platform, and that seems in itself sufficient to account for Labor's disappointment. A great deal more centers in Lloyd George than the machinery of local Government. He is much more than the spokesman of a party.

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He seems the one hope of traditional England to establish at Versailles, alone or in conjunction with others, the basis of that commercial pre-eminence that is necessary to hold together the British Empire. And, set beside that issue, all others shrink in size and dwindle in importance; for British imperialists are not too sure of things in these times. They know the genesis of the Empire and the secret of her long sustained pre-eminence in the world; and, now that the use of force has been discredited and her power to control nations by controlling credit has been all but lost, they see future possibilities that are not altogether reassuring.

THE OLD "HANDS ACROSS THE SEA."

Whether or not this explains the frankly open advocacy of Lord Northcliffe for an alliance, commercially, politically and generally, between England and America, it is evident that the idea is not unpopular here, which it would likely be were not the old time sense of British security somewhat disturbed.

One does not hear the matter discussed very much, it is true, and I suppose that is natural, considering that the English will be English; but there is a feeling abroad—a psychology, an instinct, if you please—that the counsel to "make unto thyself friends" is not one to be despised, when a people is forty odd billions in debt.

This may pass, and quickly; but in the meantime they say that things are not getting back

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in gear for peace requirements as fast as was expected.

They were going by the only precedent they had, the Napoleonic wars, which up to this war was the only period that ever tested to the utmost the resources of the Empire, and they had not considered, and perhaps have not yet fully considered, in its bearing on industrial and trade relations, and in its final economic results, the difference between breaking a blockade, as in Napoleonic times, and maintaining one, as in bringing Germany to her knees.

In this atmosphere of uncertainty and doubt, where gratitude and self-interest commingle, and pride of empire clings like a wet blanket, Mr. Wilson's clear thought and lucid expression and frank counsel were as timely as they were welcome. He seems to have cleared up the situation to a degree, but it still is muddy enough; and the people here, even more perhaps than at home, anxiously await the outcome of the Conference, that, without thought of the balance of power, and without the preponderance of any, will bring harmony to the family of nations and give peace to the world.

Off for Paris! Lack of Accommodations. Scar-
city of Sugar and Coal. No Germans. Lots
of Americans. Crippled Soldiers.

IN ENGLAND, 1914. IN IRELAND. PRELATES'
APPEAL TO PEOPLE. THE INSPIRATION.

LONDON, January 2, (1919).—We are off within an hour, for Paris, the news-center, heart-center of the world. But before bidding adieu to this “small, provincial town,” I must send you the greetings of the great New Year. Here is hoping that it may prove the happiest, the most blessed, of years in the life of any living or for a long, long time before.

Then, too, I must write this letter at once in order to catch, by the one visible opportunity at hand, that Old Fellow with the Forelock, who, by the way, seems to get more sprightly with age, and is really quite gay these times; for, if the inconveniences of getting settled in Paris are anything like as many or as annoying as traveling in England, there is no telling when I may be disposed over there. No taxis, no porter, no handy-man! My poor arms ache with lugging around my bags. Everywhere it is difficult to secure accommodations when one arrives, and impossible to reserve them in ad-

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vance. People are sleeping in the stations, things are so crowded. Thus Liverpool and London; one can but imagine Paris.

SCARCITY OF SUGAR AND COAL.

Especially at the hotels is one constantly reminded that we are in the aftermath of war—it might well be in the midst of war, for that matter. It isn't a case of one lump or one spoonful of sugar, for instance, but none in any form. Candy shops hold out an inviting, false lure, for the doors are closed and sealed. (Coming over, the Englishmen on our steamer were bringing back huge baskets of sweets, which they guarded as a woman might her jewels). And as for coal, I hear they are preserving a few small lumps under a glass case in the British Museum. The temperature of my room is so frigid I can scarcely write.

Another noticeable thing about the hotels is their waiters. Before the war it was no uncommon sight to see German waiters all around. The Hotel Cecil, where mother and I were while here during August, 1914, had a head waiter who was German; and one fine morning very soon after August 4, he did not show up, having, no doubt, gone, like a dutiful citizen to report to his German overlord. Of course, there are no Germans "around loose" anywhere in England now.

LOTS OF AMERICANS.

Instead, there are Americans, lots of them; mostly soldiers, but, others also, especially

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women—nurses, secretaries and the like—all busy and helpful, for they are needed. The women seem to “take” with the English just a little better than the men. I was struck by the difference when two lonely chaps—one from Virginia; and one from Mason City, Iowa—came on the first day to see us. They talked and talked and talked, just bubbling with gladness to be with some Americans. They had not “hit it off” with their British friends, it seemed. But they were lonesome.

I see many of our poor soldiers, who are minus a leg or an arm; some are blind, and others maimed and disfigured. (You know they have one of the biggest American hospitals here, and several camps); and how I wished they could be home to begin their occupational training like those who have already returned crippled. It would cheer their hearts. They may know the encouragement that is waiting for them; but that is not like feeling its help.

THE REALIZATION OF WAR.

On the whole this is the most realistic atmosphere of war that I have seen; and I can easily imagine the terrible thing still going on. I know this is nothing, merely nothing, to poor Belgium and France; but it is enough to make one with half a heart wish to pray that it can never happen again. And I noticed at midnight Mass on Christmas, and again on Sunday and New Years, that the Pope’s Peace Prayer seemed to be said with a strangely deep emotion, for England.

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1914.

I recall being at Victoria Station, back in those first days, when the first 150,000 English soldiers—"England's contemptible little army" one of the German officers dubbed them; they are the "Immortal Contemptibles" now—were being mobilized. And they had such a grim, stolid, bull-doggish, back-teeth-set look about them, that one wondered if a people like them could ever feel emotion.

A few days later we were over in Dublin, mother and I; and, of course, mobilization was going on there, too. But what a striking contrast! Their laughing and singing and shouting kept up a merry din; they all looked and acted as if they were out to have the frolic of their lives; and, thinking of what Lord Kitchener had said about three years of war, I wondered if we "Irrepressible Irish" would ever take anything seriously. But I suppose in nature we are all akin; and certainly, the nearer I come to the fields where the heart of the whole world was searched and tried, the more I can realize that the war touched nature very profoundly, bringing to the surface the deep-hidden traits of men and making them feel their kinship.

PRELATES' APPEAL TO PEOPLE.

While reminiscencing, I wish to mention another reflection that came to me here in London during those *dies irae* of 1914. We were at Westminster, attending Mass, when Cardinal

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Bourne preached. I do not recall his text, but shall never forget his sermon. He spoke on patriotism, reminding Catholics of their duty to give everything to their country, stressing loyalty as a moral and religious no less than a civic virtue, which Catholics ought to be foremost in exhibiting by being the first to offer their all to their country in her hour of peril. And my reflection was: If our country should go to war against another country, will our Cardinals give such a lead and summon the Catholic people of America to their duty with the same authoritative voice and in the same energetic manner. I knew, of course, they would teach the same Catholic doctrine of loyalty and surrender of life and all to country; but would they sound the clarion call, that would fill the ranks of our armies with Catholic boys, marching to the battle-fields with the same fervor with which they would set out upon a crusade?

I have no doubt that Cardinal Bourne's sermon, with others of its kind, repeated again and again from every Catholic pulpit and altar in England, was one of the most powerful factors in bringing the people of England to that sense of the nation's right to claim their sacrifice unto the uttermost, which afterward in their darkest hour never for a moment failed them; and I have less than a woman's wit, if the future historian, when he describes the moral forces, that came in the end to prevail, does not count the sermons of Cardinals Gibbons, Farley and O'Connell, delivered on Easter, 1917, and the manifesto of the Archbishops

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of the United States drawn a few days later, as the final summoning of the spiritual resources of the world to put Might under the heel of Justice.

THE INSPIRATION.

And, what a crown-piece! Pope Benedict's Peace Message becomes the inspiration of those principles, that make our President welcome as the people's spokesman in every land, even the land of former enemies!

Paris Today. French Nationalism Vital. The
"Bread Line." War Not All Glory.
"Our Boys" Seem Happy.

AT THE MADELEINE. FRANCE IS SERIOUS.
RELIGION KINDLED ANEW.

PARIS, Jan. 5.—At last, here! And very comfortably, if not amply, disposed in a rather small but select hotel, that is distinctly home-like and quiet—the MacMahon Palace, just around the corner from the Arch of Triumph on the Champs, and what we would call a family hotel in America. Anything like the Continental or the Ritz, centers for various kinds of "headquarters" and the Mecca of reporters and correspondents, is impossibly crowded; and we were decidedly in luck to secure accommodations in a place at once charming and convenient.

Really, I have a notion, that, apart from the restful surroundings that I will be more and more happy to enjoy in the months to come, there are quite distinct advantages for a correspondent to be "quartered" in a place such as this, where there are hardly any others besides French families; for I hope to secure from them, when we begin to get acquainted, an expression of viewpoint and opinion, that it is impossible to secure from public men, and

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which will give an insight to things hardly otherwise obtainable.

FRENCH NATIONALISM VITAL.

For the French, of course, are old, and they have many traditions, that illuminate and make vivid their history, making it much more real to them than it is to those who know it merely as history. The occurrences of that other peace conference, of a hundred years ago, for instance, is mere history to me; but these French have a way of feeling as if they were living then; just as we in America feel as if we knew Lincoln or Jackson or Webster or Clay, or even Washington and Jefferson and all who played great roles in the making of our country. I have always associated the first Napoleon with Alexander the Great, in a sort of mental perspective, as outstanding figures of the historical past; but the French never think of any one in connection with the Little Corporal. Alexander or Haninbal or Scipio may be historical characters to them, but the First Emperor is an intimate, vivid part of their national life.

TO SOUND THE DEPTHS.

And, of course, the public men of France feel this national psychology, if I may call it so, in a quite profound sense, only they have not the leisure to express it, to portray it, to draw out, by anecdote or in reminiscent narrative, the different shades and reflexes, that picture the panorama of tradition running in their minds. That is just what I hope to get at least some glimpse of in these quiet surroundings, and what I never could hope for where the crowds rush in.

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Already the cob-webs are brushed off my French, as I have spoken nothing else for two days; which was rather trying at first, after virtually a complete disuse of four years, but is less exciting now.

THE "BREAD LINE."

We came over the Southampton way—the Dover to Calais passage being still closed,—which brought us into Paris in the late evening. And, Oh! the multitude of people! Everywhere crowds and crowds; jabbering and gesticulating with what seemed like crazy energy, and as if a revolution might break out on an impulse.

I understood soon afterward, when I, too, had to go out to a ticket-for-bread bureau, where over four hundred were ahead of me, waiting for the same thing, sugar, the scarcest article, I do believe, in all Europe. I have not had a taste in any form since landing in Liverpool. After visiting all the police and military bureaus in Paris, I think, and riding in every hot and stuffy subway of the city, I have been ordered to be in line at eight-thirty in the morning, when, if I am good, and ready to swear my life away, I may get eight ponderous ounces of sugar, which must suffice me thirty days.

CAPTURED GERMAN CANNON.

The streets are studded with captured German cannon, lined is more literally correct. There are hundreds of them. Place de la Concorde is filled with them, and both sidewalks

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from Concorde all the way to the 'Arc.' They are all cleverly camouflaged, and present an unusual and picturesque scene in their setting. It is all very fine and glorious and my native ancestral memories sent the blood atingling at the sight, till I looked at the men around.

Splendid men they are, with blood in their bearing, and a strong, patient look in their eyes; but—on crutches or without arms! Our own boys are among them, of course; and there are some like that whom I know; whose sisters and sweethearts I know back home! Somehow the tingle died out of my blood; and I shall never look upon a captured cannon again, without seeing in the background a crutch or an empty sleeve.

"OUR BOYS" SEEM HAPPY.

But "Our Boys" seem happy over here; that is, as nearly as they could be away from home, for they never lived in the shadow of a great national fear that some day they or their children would have to hie away to some distant country for lack of room in the land of their birth, and so they have a deeper home-feeling than most other men. But there is a good spirit shown them here, a natural and spontaneous welcome, which breaks down the barriers of an unknown language, and makes itself evident in gesture and tone. It is nothing unusual to see French and American soldiers walking along, not arm in arm, but with arms around each other. And our men will stand about the streets all day, and talk with the little French girls—

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mostly with their hands. It is surprising, though quite remarkable, how much of the language they have picked up, and with what good accent.

AT THE MADELEINE.

We were at the Madeleine today, and I remained for three Masses—not that I am so pious as all that, but I wished so much to see the crowds and judge, if I could, for myself, whether “Catholic France” has any deeper meaning here in Paris now than before the war. But I could hardly judge. The attendance is some larger, not much; but I do not overlook that the Madeleine and Notre Dame were nearly always crowded before, for these two places are something more than churches to the Parisians: they are institutions. I notice, however, a much larger proportion of men now than formerly; but how many of them are not French, one could not say, when the city is filled with visitors from all the world, not all of whom go to the Madeleine to worship or to pray.

FRANCE IS SERIOUS.

France is serious, of course, for her women mourn their dead, seem fairly to hold dear their deep, black veils; but France was serious after Waterloo, when Louis declared that she was Catholic, although they say that in Paris alone Voltaire’s works went through twelve editions in the following five years. And France, or at least Paris, is still confronted with a great fear, a fear of the Bolsheviki. Russia and Austria and Germany are not so far from them as

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they are from us in America; and I am beginning to understand that the nearness makes a difference.

RELIGION KINDLED ANEW.

Still, there is something undefinable in the air, the same as I noticed at Westminster, a kind of spiritual fervor, that was not here before. I would say, if the distinction has any meaning, that religion has been kindled anew in the hearts of the French people (which of course means the Catholic religion, as they are proverbially Catholic or nothing); but, until their mingled emotions of triumph and sorrow and uneasy foreboding are composed, there is no way of judging whether or not abiding faith has taken possession of their souls.

Place de la Concorde Recalls Incident of 1914.

K. C. Secretary Tells of Paris After the Armistice Was Signed.

DEEP INTEREST IN PRESIDENT WILSON'S
VISIT TO ROME. COURTESY OF
MR. CREEL.

PARIS, Jan. 10.—Around the Place de la Concorde — originally called Place Louis XV, after the monarch who designed it, and later Place de la Revolution, because that terrible guillotine, which ended the career of Louis XVI, was set up in the center, where the Luxor Obelisk now stands—are eight pavilions, erected in the eighteenth century, under which, arranged in pairs, are beautiful statues, representing the principal cities of France: Lyon and Marseilles, Bordeaux and Nantes, Rouen and Brest, Lille and Strassburg. After 1870, the statue of Strassburg was draped in mourning, if not constantly, at least on every patriotic festival or celebration; and the guides of Paris, who were regularly licensed and enjoyed a sort of professional status before the war, were all instructed to give the same answer to tourists, who inquired the meaning of that sign of gloom.

AN INCIDENT OF 1914.

So it happened in 1914, while we were being shown around the city in the usual formal way,

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a member of our party, a big, breezy Westerner, who had just finished a post-graduate course somewhere in Germany, asked the guide the reason for that "veiled statue of the Strassburg."

True to his training, the natty little fellow stiffened up as might a soldier coming to attention, and in a voice filled with emotion, replied: "Forty-four years ago, Monsieur, that city, with the whole of Alsace-Lorraine, was stolen from us by Germany. We mourn its loss, and will drape the statue until we win it back, which we think to do."

The rejoinder of the American was typical: "Well, old man," he said, "I guess you've another think coming."

That same jovial western lad fought in the Argonne last year; and the guide, if he is living, is, of course, a seasoned veteran now. I should like to see them meet again, on the Place de la Concorde, where the statue of Strassburg is now draped in the Tricolor, and stands facing the Stars and Stripes.

MEETS K. C. SECRETARY.

Yesterday, I was very happy to run across a K. C. secretary from Louisville. He was much interested, naturally, to hear about things back home, but soon forgot himself in relating to me his wonderful experiences over here. I wish it were so I could reproduce the vivid impression he made, especially when he touched upon the havoc and ruin of northern France, the suffering of the peasants there and their utter dismay as they looked into the gloomy

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prospects before them. But I must confine myself to repeating his narrative about Paris. He was here when the armistice was signed.

WHEN THE ARMISTICE WAS SIGNED.

“I shall never forget the wild demonstration that occurred that night,” he said; “the French people went wild; their excitement and joy can not be imagined; the whole thing beggars description. It was as if the suppression of a people’s emotion for four years and three months had reacted in a sudden and spontaneous rebound, that let loose in a burst all of their accumulated and pent-up feeling. The French ran through the streets crying; the girls and women were, perhaps, more wrought up than the men. Every American soldier, that appeared on the streets, had two or three French girls clinging to him, kissing him and singing the grand old Stars and Stripes forever. The celebration continued for the whole week, ending with a monster parade on Sunday. The parade began at the Arch of Triumph and proceeded along the Champs to the Concorde, where it was received by the President of France and the French Army officers.”

AT NOTRE DAME.

“But the grandest celebration of all,” continued my new found friend, “was the one at Notre Dame, where the ‘*Te Deum*’ was chanted by a vast assemblage at solemn high Mass, sung in celebration of the American and Allied victory. That was the most impressive scene I ever witnessed. The old Cathedral was filled to the

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doors; and there were literally thousands on the outside, who could not press their way in. There were crowds on the roof even, looking through the openings available there. You know the seating capacity of Notre Dame is over twelve thousand. Well, that was filled, and the aisles were filled, and the windows and tops of chapels and confessionals, everything. And when this vast multitude joined in singing the '*Te Deum*,' amid the thunderous peals of the great organ, I tell you it was inspiring. I could almost imagine I heard the hosts of Heaven, as they joined in angelic chorus that night in Judea."

AT THE MADELEINE.

There is so much more of his story that I would like to tell. He was at the Madeleine later, on Thanksgiving day, when Cardinal Bourne was there, and Cardinal Mercier, that grandest of men, whom the French revere and love as I suppose the citizens of Rome must have loved St. Leo for turning Attila away from their gates, only the Cardinal had a much harder time of it than the Pope, having something more than a barbarian to resist.

The Madeleine celebration came the nearest to receiving official recognition of any religious service in many years. The Corps Diplomatique was present, and Madame Poncaire, with many deputies—not quite a technical recognition by the Government of an overruling Providence, but what a difference from even the unofficial attitude of a few years ago! My K. C. friend was decidedly of the opinion that France

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is Catholic through and through. It would not be strange.

PRESIDENT'S VISIT TO ROME.

There was a sharp and deep interest felt here in connection with President Wilson's visit to Rome, whether he would visit the Pope. Archbishop Cerretti's conference with the President a few days before added greatly to the interest, and somewhat to the speculations indulged. It was a keen relief to all that the outcome was so happy. The Papal Under Secretary of State went on his way, the President paid his respects to the Holy Father, and everybody seems satisfied. It has muffled all talk here about the Powers undertaking to determine or fix the Pope's international status, which appears now to be generally accepted as both determined and fixed by the Pope himself. It has served, to quiet, also, the more or less insistent claim on the part of many Catholics, not of France alone but generally, that the Pope should have some voice in the World Conference. This was not so frequently expressed in a public way, perhaps, but it was keenly felt, and quite easily discovered, when one ventured to open the subject, the basis of it being, "that most of the points, set out by the American President and which would be the program of the deliberations, had been originally suggested by the Pope; and, therefore, not to mention the assistance he might give in their interpretation, it was only gracious to have him represented."

One can easily see, at least after the event,

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how the President's visit to the Pope, with their brief conference together, leaves that matter satisfactorily settled, so far as the Pope is concerned. Thus the French are being treated with instances, that show President Wilson's rare gift of seeing before the event how such things work out.

COURTESY OF MR. CREEL.

Oh, yes! I was about forgetting the Conference itself. Well, along with the many rights that she is gaining these days, I suppose it still is a woman's privilege to put the most important matter in a postscript. The Conference has been scheduled at three different times to open on a fixed day, and each time postponed. Mr. Creel, head of the American Publicity Bureau, and from whom all American correspondents receive their credentials, as it were, along with most of their information and together with much other assistance, affords me every facility possible. Mrs. Millar, of the National Catholic War Council, who made a trip over here for them last summer and took back over a hundred French girls to be put in our colleges on free scholarships, and who accompanied me from New York on this trip, knew Mr. Creel in Denver, before the war; and he and my father were rather close friends in Washington during the war, so I had a splendid entree to start with. He has shown me much kindness, and, while a little hasty in manner, is most helpful; and my connection in this respect should prove of great service to me in my mission.

Diplomatic Relations Between France and the Vatican.

PARIS, Jan. 17.—Tomorrow, the Peace Conference! the great Congress of the World! the beginning of the last chapter in the history of the last war!

It hardly seems possible, even now, that the principal rulers of the earth, the heads of Republics, Kingdoms and Empires, of Provinces, States, Dominions, Satrapies, Commonwealths, —new-born nations, that still struggle with their swaddling clothes, ancient peoples, that writhe in the throes of dissolution and death,— all will assemble in solemn conclave to deliberate upon the form and character of future civilization and peaceful methods of feeding and governing the whole world! Tomorrow, just a few minutes' ride from where I am writing these lines!

EXPECTANT ATMOSPHERE.

Had I but immediately arrived, and none had informed me, I believe I should know that something of tremendous import is about to occur, something which everyone feels is quite unlike anything that has ever before occurred. The atmosphere is charged with expectancy; the very air seems sensitive; a deep, solemn mood has lowered over the city; everything is tense. It is not so much my own feelings, for, considering it all,—the world plans and world

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leaders and world events, and obscure little me prodding about in their midst,—I am shamefully unexcited about it, as if it might be more artificial than real, splendid and glorious as it is. But it is the impressions forced upon me by the surroundings—the calm of a people, that ordinarily is all emotion; the quiet of a city, that usually is all activity; the solemn anxiousness prevailing, instead of that care-free cordial gaiety, for which Paris is so much censured and so much loved,—as if France and the world had been waiting, waiting, waiting not a few weeks, but always, just for Tomorrow!

I verily believe the people here would not be much astonished, if something altogether miraculous were to signalize the assembling of the Powers, with President Wilson at their head. Involuntarily, one recalls the auguries, that legend if not history connects with epochal occurrences of the past; how many run through the narratives of Caesar's death! or the massacre of the Marmadukes! They chase one another through the corridors of memory tonight; for tomorrow, not Rome, not Egypt, but the World will be born again!

NOTE OF DISAPPOINTMENT.

There is but one note of disappointment that I can hear. It is accepted as rather certain that the League of Nations is assured; that the balance of power and policy is doomed; that Great Britain, France, Italy and, of course, the lesser powers, will agree upon the famous fourteen points formulated by Mr. Wilson, with very little modification; that responsibility for

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the war will be properly fixed (as though it were not already) and punishment inflicted; that in some way, not apparent, Bolshevism will be checked, order will be restored, reparation will be made and the world in general will be so renovated, that the long-suffering people can enjoy a lasting peace; and Kings, if they wish to make war, must employ manikins.

The disappointing note one hears is that the Conference, which is to do all this, will begin without giving any visible token that the blessing of Heaven is desired on its work. Only today, an old Frenchman, whose two only sons sleep in the valley of the Marne, reminded me how Franklin,—whom the French seem to know quite as well and to reverence quite as much as Americans do,—introduced prayer into the deliberations of our Constitutional Convention. "Your Washington was a man of prayer, too," he added; "so was Lincoln, and so is President Wilson; and you know how Marshal Foch resorted to prayer, and asked the people to pray, especially the little children." He went on to tell me, with earnest and impressive fervor, how the children of France offered their Holy Communions for The Cause; "and in England," he said; "and over in your own great country, as you know, there was a child-prayer movement, if I do not exaggerate, especially among Catholics. I tell you we were saved with prayer!"

WILL COME OUT ALL RIGHT.

My friend saw the difficulties, however, of any other course for the Congress than that

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arranged, since it is assembling in a country where the Government has not yet officially recognized God; and he dismissed the subject with a very thoughtful remark, which I must repeat. "After all," he said cheerfully, "I suppose it will come out right. At one time I thought we would never win the war unless the Government of France, like her people, went down on its knees to Heaven; but we did, and now I wonder if the *bon Dieu* may not have willed it so, perhaps just to try the faith of persons like me. And so," he concluded, "although I could very heartily wish that this Congress, which proposes in a way to reform the world, would at least acknowledge the Creator, nevertheless, I look forward hopefully to the issue, which He may ordain to be fruitful of great good, if for no other reason, just to try the faith of those who think He should visibly rebuke these earthly rulers for publicly ignoring Him." He left me with this thought; and, as its deep, penetrating light dawned on me, and I remembered the two little white crosses over the graves of this man's only sons, who lie out in the valley of the Marne, I could hear the words of the Gospel, spoken to the Centurion, whose servant lay sick with the palsy.

FRANCE AND THE VATICAN.

Yesterday was my day "at home," meaning that I remained at the "Palace," having a whole delightful day with some of my new-made friends, who are very kind to me and in every way most charming. Incidentally I learned from an unusually clever young ma-

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dame more than I can ever remember about diplomatic affairs, particularly in respect to France and the Vatican renewing their relations, which is the object of a rather considerable and very earnest though quiet agitation that started soon after the war began. It had somehow been my impression that this movement was confined mostly, if not wholly, to Catholics, which, of course, would not be so strange, considering that this is France. "But, no, indeed!" exclaimed madame, when I told her my impression, "Why, Mr. Lazare Weiler is one of the most eloquent advocates for France renewing relations with the Vatican; and he is an Israelite and a republican Deputy of the Left. Mr. Maurice Vernes is another, who is very prominent and very energetic in pleading for it; and he is a Protestant professor. And M. de Monzie is a radical Socialist Deputy, a former Minister; he has published a book in support of the movement, giving all the data and arguments in regard to our Protectorate in the East and our new responsibilities toward Alsace-Lorraine, which even the Government saw could not be satisfactorily met without renewal of relations with the Vatican, and, therefore, tacitly concurred in Sir Henry Howard representing the Entente, although, perhaps, strictly speaking, he is accredited to England,—a peculiar and undignified relation for France, M. de Monzie says, as you will agree."

"Who is this M. Ferdinand Buisson?" I enquired, as his name had come to me in connection with this diplomatic "restoration." "He is President of the League of the Rights of

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Man, and not one to be left out when going over the able men, I may say statesmen, of France. His support of the proposed step is very frank and, also, very earnest. By the way, he recently gave out an interview, which you may not have noticed, comparing the Holy Father's proposals with President Wilson's points, and calling attention to the striking harmony of these two voices lifted amidst the din of arms, one representing the most ancient, and the other the most modern of the great institutions of the world."

"And yet," I suggested, reverting to the diplomatic question, "you cordially support the Government." "*Bien!*" she exclaimed, "is it not a splendid Government, deserving, magnificent! We cannot all see alike, you know; but we all remember that the Government saved France. And the Government has traditions, too; they reach way back. Let me tell you—"

But that is another story.

The Great World Congress of Peace.

PARIS, Jan 19.—The opening of the Supreme Peace Conference of the World was, of course, the greatest event of my life.

My formal appointment as representative of the Catholic Press Association of the United States and Canada has given me many preferences; and on this occasion, when the number was quite limited, I found myself to be one of a privileged thirty in the Press Room.

The Conference, as you have read in the daily papers, opened Saturday, January 18, at 3 p. m., in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, on the Quai d'Orsay.

DREW AN IMMENSE CROWD.

Long before the appointed hour an immense crowd had gathered outside, where some pressed their eager faces against the tall iron railings, and others — soldiers and sailors — swung into the tree tops to secure a point of vantage. Something lingered of the hushed, awed feeling of the day before, with all interest centered in the arrival of the men, who hold in their keeping the future destinies of nations. Within the courtyard a company of French *poilus* stood waiting, while a wintry sun shone down on their blue-steel helmets and shining guns.

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MOVIES CATCH THE NOTABLES.

Nothing spectacular marked the entrance of the different statesmen. Cameras and motion picture machines clicked busily, as they vied with one another to get the best view of Woodrow Wilson, when he smilingly walked up the steps; or of Lloyd George, as he removed his hat, and briskly pushed through the door. The poilus stood at attention, and the crowds displayed the greatest of enthusiasm, especially when President Wilson appeared.

The Peace Delegates gathered in a great assemblage room on the ground floor of the building, a very beautiful room of the old French style, with many windows looking out over the Seine, with ivory tinted walls ornately done in gold, and heavy red silks and velvets setting off the windows and the doors. From the center of the high ceilings, elegantly cut, massive glass chandeliers fall low over the Peace Table, which is horseshoe shaped, covered with thick green felt, and, with the red leather chairs that sit on both sides, quite fills the room.

AT THE TABLE.

At the vertex of the arch of the table sat Monsieur Poincare. To his right was President Wilson, and on his left the members of the British Mission. Promptly at three o'clock, the French President arose and gave his words of welcome, in French. His address was then translated and re-read in English. This was followed by a short address by Mr Wilson, in English, which was translated and re-read in

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French. Mr. Wilson had nominated Clemenceau as President of the Conference. Mr. Lloyd George spoke briefly in support of this choice; and Clemenceau, being selected, made an eloquent speech, everything being translated and re-read from French into English, or English into French. The meeting lasted one hour and thirty minutes.

There was no ceremony in connection, first or last; it was a brief, business-like procedure, with solemn dignity as the keynote, and every evidence of sincerity and simplicity of purpose manifest. It is obvious that the Powers have an earnest desire to conclude the Conference with all possible dispatch; consequently, no unnecessary formalities are indulged, and all ceremony is eliminated.

IN THE PRESS ROOM.

Immediately adjoining the assembly room, a smaller room was set apart for the members of the Press and a few guests. There was only a small number of persons here; but, as I heard various languages being spoken around me, I realized that the public of the entire world had representation in these few journalists. Near me was a Russian woman. Doubtless thinking of her own country, so deeply afflicted, she hungrily listened to the calm, evenly poised words of President Wilson; and I wondered how much of the primitive past and how much of the glorious future lie in the depths of the soul, revealed in her intensely thoughtful attention.

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ENTER WOMAN.

It occurred to me, too, as I observed her, that this is an epoch in the history of womankind, for it is the first time that women were ever present in any capacity at such a meeting. Is it not significant that they make their entrance at a Peace Conference? And I found myself praying that those diplomats could feel, as a woman feels, the unmeasurable waste of humanity in the grim game of war. Surely, with the numberless sacrifices she made and the glorious part she took in a thousand ways, even in the fighting ranks, to help win this war, her soul-deep dread of the thing is not effeminate, but human!

THE INTERESTING ARAB.

Next to President Wilson, who not only in my own but in all eyes is the dominant figure at all these proceedings, my chief interest was stirred by an Arab, Prince Feissel, son of the King of Hejaz and the most picturesque character in the Conference. Sitting with his arms folded across his chest, he had the quiet serenity of a lofty philosopher. He wore an European military uniform with a Sam Brown belt, which was a striking contrast to his beautiful silk native turban head dress. His skin was dark olive color, and he wore a distinguishing black mustache and beard. In his calm, deep set eyes he seemed to carry the vision of all the hopes and aspirations of his country; and, when one reflected that his people had suffered more than a quarter million casualties during

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the war, one appreciated that his country had something to hope for in this Conference.

"DIPLOMACY."

The story of the King of Hejaz is especially of interest, because it is typical of a number of problems, that the Conference must solve. Indeed, one may say it is typical of the old order as against the new; of secret diplomacy as against fair and open dealing; of the expediency of war as against the justice of peace. In 1916 England and France signed a secret treaty, now generally known, at least here, which, in effect, recognized that France should have a protectorate and sovereign rights in Syria similar to those England was planning for herself in Mesopotamia. Sometime later the British made another secret treaty, which is likewise known here now, with the Sheriff of Mecca, who is no other than the King of Hejaz; and by this second treaty the sovereignty of the King of Hejaz over the whole of the Arabian East, including Syria, was recognized. Now, of course, the French are demanding that the agreement of England with them shall be fulfilled while the King of the Hejaz has sent Prince Feissel to Paris, accompanied by Col. Lawrence, a British officer and himself an unusually attractive figure, to plead the cause of the Arabs.

All this, and much more than I have said, in connection, ran through my thoughts while sitting in the ante-room watching the Conference; and, as my glance shifted from the Arab to Lloyd George, to Clemenceau, and back to

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the Arab, the power of a single idea, singly pursued, came to my mind; and I was ready to lay my stake that the owner of that inscrutable countenance beneath the picturesque turban would bring his people out ahead. Perhaps I felt something of the charm of that mystic land, the charm that Hichens makes to seem so real; perhaps it was devotion to Wilson's point on self-determination, which keeps ever thrumming in my blood; but I am for the Arabs.

THE DOMINANT FIGURE.

It seemed only a few minutes after it opened that the first session of the World Congress was closed, so interesting was it all. I lingered to hear Lloyd George and the French Commissioner, Tardieu, express their satisfaction and delight with the proceedings. I watched the delegates from various countries, as they gathered around a tall, impressive, smiling figure. I observed his ready, cordial manner with all, and could not but see that, whether in the Conference or out of it, he dominated the scene. He was the President of the United States.

League of Nations. One of the Favored
Correspondents.

PARIS, Jan 25.—Today Paris is stricken with internal paralysis. Strikes have been declared; and the service of all subways, surface cars and motor buses is discontinued. Every other kind of vehicle has been suddenly pressed into use; and the oddest and most amusing scenes occur in the streets. Fancy dignified army officers mounted on bicycles, riding solemnly along the boulevards of Paris to meet their appointments. Other jolly chaps go merrily on their way in little two-wheeled carts, drawn by donkeys. The taxi drivers are kings—that is, they are scarce like kings, but not nearly so modest and unassuming as kings—nowadays. If one wishes to go where *they* wish to go, one may. Long ago the number of machines was limited by the Fuel Administrator; and the drivers were independent even before the present emergency conferred royal prerogatives upon them.

Being an American democrat and opposed to the divine right of even a chauffeur (and not trusting the donkey), I walked, this afternoon, to the Quai d'Orsay for the second full session of the Conference. The day was cold, bleak and grey, and the air biting; and it was a great comfort to find the Assemblage Hall well heated and brilliantly alight with a thousand electric candles.

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WILSON PROPOSES LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

At 3 o'clock all the delegates were seated, and M. Clemenceau opened the meeting. Mr. Wilson, the first speaker, arose from his seat, at the right of the president, and presented the principle of the League of Nations. He was very grave and spoke, in the beginning, with a slightly trembling voice, which deeply touched his hearers, who listened to his low, distinct utterances with rapt attention. He spoke for fifteen minutes, using a few gestures, which were very impressive. At the close of his remarks, one man began to applaud, but he was immediately quieted by sh-h-h's from all corners of the room. This was the only demonstration during the afternoon.

GEORGE AND ORLANDO ENDORSE PROPOSAL.

Lloyd George followed Mr. Wilson with a very brief speech in the way of seconding the League of Nations' proposal, speaking with much earnestness, while he constantly fingered his eye-glasses, which hung at the end of a long black cord around his neck. This is the English Premier's one mannerism, fingering his eye-glasses. Signor Orlando voiced his approval on behalf of Italy; and the League of Nations resolution was then regularly "referred to the proper committee." The President of the United States had scored one of his greatest triumphs.

A STORM.

Until this time, all had been quiet, dignified, solemn, with the traditional diplomatic forms

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and amenities closely observed. Suddenly a storm broke. Monsieur Hymans, a large, impressive figure and a convincing speaker, arose quickly and frankly stated that Belgium should have two members on the committee, urging, in support, her peculiar geographical position, and not failing, by way of appeal, to mention the sufferings of his country during the war. He was followed in rapid succession by a number of aroused delegates of the small nations, each one growing more emphatic and vociferous in urging the claims of his country. Soon all the small nations were on the floor: Siam, Czecho-Slovakia, Serbia, Portugal, and many more, with Venezelos, entreating for Greece, in their lead. The confusion seemed altogether unexpected. Wilson and Lloyd George dropped the manuscripts, on which they had been jotting notes, and leaned over the table in sudden interest. Clemenceau sat calmly, his hands (wearing the gray gloves, which he never removes during the afternoon) resting quietly on the table before him; but for a brief period only, for in moment he, too, was on his feet; and the passages between him and the Belgian Foreign Minister became very spirited. Several times M. Hymans did not wait to rise for his rapid retorts to the French Premier.

In the midst of all this heated debate, with its vigorous and incessant gesticulating accompaniment—just when it was most intense, I saw Woodrow Wilson's face break into a broad, beaming smile, as if there were a bit of humor in the situation, that his good nature could not resist.

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THE OUTCOME.

However, the Belgian delegate proved an able champion of the small nations; and it looked as if they would be there indefinitely, clamoring for greater representation, when Clemenceau, gaining attention once more, made a dramatic plea for prompt work and dispatch of business, solemnly voicing his belief and his assurance that the small nations, that all nations, would be given fair play and justice. As a result, it was unanimously agreed that the Great Powers should have two delegates each and the nineteen smaller nations five among them on the League of Nations Committee. By this time many of those sitting around the table were looking weary, perhaps bored; they seemed at the end quite willingly if not gladly to thrust their brown and yellow hands (the assembly reminded one of Joseph's coat of many colors) into the air in token of their assent. This closed the long meeting, at ten minutes past six.

WHAT A TRANSFORMATION!

I walked out into the gathering darkness of the evening, across the Seine, to the Place de la Concorde, where the captured German cannon—the cannon, that the Kaiser said he would one day plant in Paris, you know—are assembled. The city was being tucked away for the night in a thin, white covering of snow; and the big, cold, rusty guns looked as if they might be the gloomy relics of an age long gone. And yet, I have just dined with a sweet, attractive,

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cultured woman, four years ago the happy owner of a French villa, where her delightful family was surrounded with loveliness and plenty, today alone, penniless, begging Mrs. Millar of the Catholic War Council, for employment, in order that she might live—thanks to these same engines of destruction, that look grimly across the Place de la Concorde.

I wonder if President Wilson, at the Conference this afternoon, when he smiled at the confusion made over a member more or less on a committee, might, perhaps, have thought how beseechingly those mute guns look to every passer-by, and only smiled and was silent because he knew that tonight the Belgian Minister would pass that way and look again on those silent, pleading things that tell, more eloquently than any human tongue, the suffering of his valiant little land; that demand more forcibly than any human voice, a just and lasting peace for all the world.

THE N. C. W. C. CLUB.

Mrs. Millar, of the National Catholic War Council, has taken over, furnished, the residence of the Countess of Montebello, one of the loveliest houses in Paris, for the N. C. W. C. Club, a kind of headquarters for the women-workers here and being sent over, for whom there is a very great demand, especially in Northern France, where the refugees are going back to their villages, their "homes." Oh, the cruel, bitter irony of that word! Without houses, without food, without schools, without churches, without husbands or fathers, without

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anything but faith and hope and the wornwood of memories that are all dreary and sad. Yes, our good Catholic women and any other workers will be welcome—a Godsend, to that grim, desolate, battle-swept region. Presently, perhaps, I shall move over with Mrs. Millar, as I may be of some little use in the between-times, when there is nothing to be gleaned, after the news reporters have writ their full for the dailies. Perhaps, too, as I wish to go up to the front as soon as President Wilson returns to America, I may “merge” the Catholic Press Association and the National Catholic War Council all in my one wee self.

PERTURBATION OF THE PRESS.

For, with the turn that “open diplomacy” took last week, when the Wilson point of “open covenants openly arrived at” looked to the newspaper people like a bludgeon, we correspondents have not much left, when the reporters get through. Everything was certainly in a jam for awhile. One can only imagine the consternation among the thousand or so newspaper men, who had come to Paris from all quarters, when they were told that the sessions of the Conference would be secret. Some of them were perfectly frantic with anger, and all were thoroughly aroused. There were indignation meetings, meetings of rebellion, meetings of all kinds; one somewhere every fifteen minutes; with petitions, memorials, and all those sorts of things, flying about as plentifully, almost, as locusts in a plague.

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ONE OF THE FAVORED.

The storm made itself felt, too, as you know, of course, from the cabled dispatches conveying the intelligence that the full sessions would admit a favored number of correspondents. I was thankful to be among the number, not alone because it was a distinct recognition of the Catholic Press Association, but it relieves me from having to write continually of the high prices (I priced some pears yesterday, only priced them; they were fifty-five cents each); of the rarity of chicken and ham, of the paper napkins two inches square one is given at breakfast, and the linen as large as a tablecloth, that one has at dinner; of the interminable carnivals, that take possession of the boulevards and block the passage of vehicles every time a royal personage comes to Paris, which is almost daily; of the abundance of time, that everybody appears to have, except the Americans; of the women and children, the very tots, doing hard and heavy work around the hotels and in the streets, early and late; and of the infinite number of other more or less interesting matters, which make up the picture of Paris today, when, as never before, it is the chief center of the world.

**The Center of Interest. Other Commissions.
Americans Leading.**

PARIS, Feb. 2.—Before this letter reaches you, President Wilson will no doubt have returned to the United States, as I hear that he has arrangements all made to sail about the 15th. I can not imagine what they will do at the Peace Conference when he is gone. He is so completely the center of all activity, and so nearly the source of all ideas. that to one who observes the buzzing around where he is, and the standing-by-marking-time where he is not, it might seem that the bottom of affairs will drop out, when he departs to board the George Washington.

OFF FOR THE BATTLEFIELDS.

The correspondents are making plans to visit the devastated fields as soon as the President has departed Paris. I have already arranged to visit Chateau-Thierry and Belleau Woods. Really, I was to start on the trip to Chateau-Thierry yesterday; had gotten my pass from American Expeditionary Forces Headquarters, with all its minute instructions as to wearing heavy shoes, warm clothing, etc., and arrangements for automobile, conducting officer and chaperon, which the military authorities look after to the last detail; but had a touch of la grippe, and the doctor talked to me in dark tones about pneumonia, base hos-

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pitals and such fearful things until my resolution gave way. His admonitions became impressive, when he told me that over half of the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. organizations is in Southern France, recuperating from sickness. I had heard that ten of the K. C. men, that came over on the same boat with me, have been in the Base Hospital with influenza, and I knew that Mr. Perkins, who came over with Fosdick and Schiff, has been critically ill with pneumonia; and everybody has been complaining of the gloomy weather, the rains and lack of sunshine. I decided to wait a couple of days, although, of course, put the responsibility on the solicitous advice of my physician.

“SUNNY FRANCE!”

I think there is a good deal of irony in the talk we used to hear about “Sunny France,” for the sun has made but one effort to shine since I have been here, and it seem to me it has rained every day. Some days, just before midnight, we begin to think we will skip a day; when, about two minutes of 12:00, the falling drops, cold and fine, are seen glistening in the street light.

Tomorrow, I hope to move into the N. C. W. C. Club with Mrs. Millar. She has twenty-five girls coming over; and we shall all live in the club together, just like a boarding-school. You can well guess that will be one jolly crowd. I have secured a list of all the hospitals where there are Americans, and am going through them. Will carry along with me for distribu-

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tion some supplies furnished by the N. C. W. C., which you can imagine will make me a welcome visitor as well as being in itself very interesting and appealing. The Club will be conducted like a lodge, canteen and club-room combined. The girls will live in the upper floors, while the lower floors will be used for canteen service. It is a most delightful arrangement, and the place is really very beautiful and charming. Mrs. Millar and the N. C. W.C. are to be congratulated on their success and good fortune in securing such pleasing and commodious quarters.

MAN "FROM BACK HOME."

I have seen but few familiar faces in Paris; and but for some old acquaintances here would have been very lonesome. Who should I bump into, though, a few days ago, but Mr. Krock, of our *Louisville Courier Journal*. He was very much astonished to see me. We were both waiting for the adjournment of one of the meetings of the Commission on the Society of Nations. The meetings of this commission are all strictly private; and reporters, correspondents and all others alike, are barred from them. This is true, also, of the meetings of the other commissions and of all committee meetings. We are never certain of the things of real importance, that are going on, until the official bulletin is given out; and the newspaper representatives, therefore, miss no opportunity of catching an interview with some of the diplomats as they come and go, thinking, perhaps, by the

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manner, in which these "conceal thought," as Tallyrand put it, to surmise what is going on.

Mr. Krock was very active in securing the concession of publicity granted when the Conference finally consented to the presence of thirty newspaper representatives at its full session, being one of a committee of three (Mr. Herbert Bayard Swope, of the *New York World*, and Mr. Lawrence, of the *Washington Post*, were the other two) finally selected by the American newspaper men to lay the matter before President Wilson. We all here feel rather indebted to these men for their services to the American Press; and, quite naturally, I am glad that the representative of my own home paper was among them, while he was as pleased as myself to see someone from home, we are that lonesome, in this immense concourse of strangers. Was it not Hardy who said there is no solitude like that in a great city? At any rate, I can well understand such an expression.

THE CENTER OF INTEREST.

The Commission on the League of Nations is naturally the chief center of public interest, for it is in every way the most important of the five commissions created by the Conference. Its personnel is most impressive; it is the only commission, of which the President of the United States is a member. The other leading members are Lord Robert Cecil for the British Empire, Leon Bourgeois for France, M. Orlando for Italy, and M. Viscount Chinda for Japan.

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OTHER COMMISSIONS.

Although they have been reported in the news dispatches, I may mention the other commissions as matter of record. There are two dealing with temporary matters; the Commission on Responsibility for the War, of which Mr. Lansing is chairman, and the Commission on Reparation and Damages, of which Mr. Baruch is head. Then there are two other commissions dealing with more permanent questions, which are the Commission on International Labor Legislation, with Messrs. Hurley and Gompers representing the United States; and the Commission on International Ports, Waterways and Railways, with Mr. White and Major Scott for us. This last commission is not a novel one, as there has been an International Commission for the Control of the Danube and connected waterways since the Berlin Congress of 1878, if not before, which furnishes an instructive precedent and guide for the present commission to follow or steer by. The Commission on International Labor Legislation is, of course, new; and its very existence shows how far different are the sympathies and aims of this Congress from any ever before held. It seems to be conceded that not only the peace terms but the League of Nations itself will give recognition to the rights of labor. Who, then, will say that, after all, these terrible years have not been worth while?

AMERICANS LEADING.

And is it not wonderful that, on all these commissions, Americans are the leading mem-

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bers? Naturally, the President is the paramount figure, but to him only do Lansing, Gompers, Hurley and one or two more stand second. Some rather severe criticism followed the selection of Geo. D. Herron to act with Mr. White at the Conference with the Russian factions and factionists, but from all accounts he ought to understand the Bolsheviki, especially their social and moral, or rather immoral ideas.

Anyway, the people are looking to Woodrow Wilson as they look to no other man, for he is the leader of the Americans, and they are the hope of the world.

The Religious Phase. The Difficulty. American Sympathy.

PARIS, Feb. 9.—For a week now, scarcely anything of definite and certain character has developed from the Conference. Perhaps, I should say rather that scarcely anything has been made public, for no one doubts that developments are taking place in the private sessions of the various Commissions and particularly in those of the Commission on the League of Nations, on which Mr. Wilson is working day and night. In fact, to the Americans, who are long accustomed to the quiet, effective way of the President, this very paucity of public information leaking out is a sign of "something doing," and there is an air of confident expectancy around the Crillon.

FRANCE WANTS MILITARY GUARANTEE.

There is an abundance of rumors, of course, there always is—and by that I do not mean mere gossip from irresponsible persons or vague, uncertain sources. Everything is more or less rumor, that is not "official;" and nothing is official, strictly, but the full Conference bulletins. We have it, for instance, from those in a position to judge and to know the wishes of the French, that they will not consent to a League of Nations, that does not guarantee to France the certain assurance of adequate military forces in case of war; but those express-

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ing this opinion, however well they may know the French mind, are not members of the Conference; and there you are.

CHINA AND JAPAN.

We hear that the Chinese delegation is asking that the Ishii-Lansing agreement be abrogated as unjust to China. I believe it is the fifth clause, in particular, that they consider objectionable and wish abolished. At the same time, China is complaining of certain secret treaties between her and Japan, which Japan is objecting to being disclosed to the Conference; and there are dark hints about the baggage of the Chinese delegation being rifled under instructions from the Japanese Government in order to secure the only copies of these treaties in Europe. It all makes a very interesting sidelight.

ITALY AND JUGO-SLAVIA.

This week, President Wilson conferred with S. Orlando and Mr. Trumbitch in regard to the claims of Italy and Jugo-Slavia. The result has not been made public. It seems very certain, however, that Italy will withstand a good deal of pressure before surrendering the claims, that she bases on her treaty with England and France, made when Italy cast the die and came in with the Triple Entente—long before the principle of self-determination was adopted, before there was even a thought of a Jugo-Slavia. The British Foreign Secretary, Arthur J. Balfour, announced to the newspaper correspondents last Saturday, that the League of Nations would not affect existing alliances; but, so far,

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it is not certain whether that means such an alliance as was contemplated in the famous London Pact. If it does, the self-determination principle must be elastic enough to yield at that point.

THE BALKAN RIDDLE.

It is several months, of course, since the secret treaty between Italy and the Allies was made public; but others are showing up every day. The latest, perhaps, to appear is one with Rumania, which conflicts with certain claims of the Czecho-Slovaks. And so it goes. There is no possibility of reconciling the conflicting interests. It gets my poor head all mixed to listen to them. I wonder that President Wilson is not perfectly disgusted. It is the old Balkan situation with numerous angles added and the problems of a collapsed Empire thrown in. I remember someone saying years ago that only one person ever understood the Balkan situation and that he was dead. It is here that Catholic interests are, perhaps, most deeply involved.

THE RELIGIOUS PHASE.

Among the South Slavs, which include the Serbs, the Croats and the Slovenes, the Serbs are Orthodox, and the others Catholic. But, although in the majority, the Croats and Slovenes are not in control of the Jugo-Slav movement, for the simple reason that it began as a Greater-Serbia movement and with the aim merely to include the Serbs of Montenegro, Bosnia, Herzegovina and that impossible little square called the Banat. Natur-

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ally, when the idea was extended to include Slovenia and Croatia, the forces first active and dominant retained the leadership. Moreover, the unhappy rule of the Hapsburgs, coupled with the fact that they often made the Church an instrument in their hands, has left the liberated subjects of the old empire rather indifferent as to whether their rulers are Orthodox or something else. From what I can glean, all that the Catholics wish is freedom of worship. Of course, there are some who would welcome a return of old conditions, but they are few, and even they seemed reconciled, if only the Orthodox regime is not established, which, in spite of the constitution adopted, they rather strongly fear.

IN CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.

The situation in regard to Czecho-Slovakia is much the same. The people of Bohemia are perhaps, barring the German population, four-fifths Catholics, nominally, at least; but they have very little sympathy with a State running the Church; and there will be no sort of union, from what I can learn. The President of the Republic, Dr. Masaryk, was a Catholic in his youth, but deserted his faith, like thousands of others, on account of the odium that the Dynasty brought upon the Church in carrying out the imperial design to crush the aspirations of nationality, which seems to be the chief complaint laid against the Empire, apart, of course, from the war. As I understand it, through discussion with several persons of first importance attached to the Czecho-Slovak representa-

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tives here, the many small nations, that formed the artificial Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, had every reason, that small peoples struggling against extinction could have, to hate the Government, which strove to keep them as poor, ignorant and helpless as possible; and the Church came in for a generous share of their dislike because of its close relations with the Government.

WARY OF STATE DOMINATION.

Some, with whom I have spoken on the subject, seem to be exemplary Catholics; at least, they voice the deepest reverence for the Church, and for everything Catholic; and, according to their view, it is most fortunate that the Republic did not follow in the steps of the Monarchy in respect to the union of Church and State, which would mean, as one of them put it to me, "not a free Church in a free State, as you have in America; but a State dominating the Church." There is some danger, they admit, from the radical and anti-clerical elements among the Czecho-Slovaks; but it is their opinion that any attempt to suppress that danger by means of the State Government would only be perpetuating the main causes, that brought about the existence of those elements.

THE DIFFICULTY.

They see, also, that there will be great difficulty for the people to support religion.

"In this respect," they say, "we are not situated so fortunately as you in America. We are practically all Catholics, and the support of

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the Church falls upon us heavily from the start. We have not, as you had, merely to build as we are able, to call for pastors as we can support them; those things are here, provided without any reference to our ability to maintain them. Of course, we have maintained them, we alone, and, no doubt, considered simply in its economic aspect, at a greater burden than will now be required; but it has been done indirectly; now it must be done directly, and while not really more burdensome, it will seem so. Perhaps, it is only a matter of psychology, after all."

SYMPATHY OF AMERICANS.

Naturally, most Americans are rather sympathetic with the Slav viewpoint—some of us, I fear, to such extent as to forget the essential difference between a people, that is a mosaic of religious elements, like our own, and one that is practically all Catholics. One must confess a dread of the pagan State, and perhaps worse of the atheistic State, though the worst of all, I can imagine, is the Hypocrite State. The Slavs, both North and South, feel that they have suffered too long from the last mentioned; they are taking their chances on their Governments not going to the other extreme.

**Great Enterprises Involve Danger. The One
Real Thing.**

PARIS, Feb. 17.—There have been all kinds of talk this last week about moving the Peace Conference. Fancy! It started when Ferdinand Larnaude, head of the Paris Law Faculty and French member of the Conference Commission on the Constitution of the League of Nations, gave out a statement about the League-plan including a great international army, which was widely quoted in the French Press, apparently with great joy. No doubt it was all talk about moving, but it had the effect of moderating the policy of the French Press, which some were beginning to regard as deliberately obstructive.

THE ZERO HOUR.

Coming at the same time with the development of a threatening attitude on the part of the Germans, the whole thing made a tense situation and gave an uneasy feeling. You can not imagine it. With the German National Assembly all going in order, and electing a President by a practically unanimous vote; and Erzberger declaring that Germany would not renew the armistice, if the terms were too severe; and Lloyd George gone to England; and the French growing more and more insistent; and the Japanese disputing with China; and

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Italy wholly engrossed with the Jugo-Slav situation; and war still going on in the Balkans, and in Poland, and in the Ukraine; and murmurings of the people everywhere—it was a very discouraging ensemble.

For, if Europe was a powder keg before the war, it is a smouldering volcano now, with internal fire fiercely burning, and intermittently breaking forth, now at the base, now out in the plains, now up among the crags and peaks. The crater alone is capped, and, if that be blown off, it will not be like an explosion, but an overwhelming tide of hot blood and destruction boiling up and falling back upon itself, engulfing everything, consuming everything. It would not be a renewal of the war; it would not be mere revolution; it would be literal and universal ruin.

EVERYONE SENSED IT.

Men see it; women feel it; the people know it; their rulers realize it, and none more clearly, more certainly, more vividly, more understandingly than Woodrow Wilson, who, perhaps more than any other man on earth, carries with him the burden and the bane of this dreadful prospect, and the duty of preventing its being realized.

But, if you can not imagine the anxiety experienced in sitting, or rather living and being forced to remain under the shadow of a grumbling volcano, with an improvised, temporary, makeshift of a lid, that is constantly melting away and repeatedly being patched up, as is the nature of an armistice, neither can you im-

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agine the unmistakable sense of security, safety and comfort that must arise when you see the makeshift being replaced by a thoroughly well-constructed, strong, ample device, which the world puts there, and agrees to keep there, should any uncontrolled influence ever attempt to throw it off.

WHAT A RELIEF.

That is the best way I can describe the impressions created by the announcement, which came in the midst of disturbing rumors, that the Commission on the League of Nations, headed by Mr. Wilson, had determined the principles and prepared a constitution for the League of Nations, with the fourteen powers represented giving it their unanimous approval. All talk stopped, over here at least; fear vanished; threats hushed. There was a great sigh of relief, almost of comfort, when the official news came. It was as though one could open the windows and venture out into the freshened air—perhaps, see the sunshine breaking through the scurrying clouds, after an awfully threatening storm.

I am only giving the first impression, the feeling, the humanity-impulse, created, like when Peter the Hermit preached the First Crusade, and the multitude cried out in unison: "God wills it! God wills it!" It may turn out a dream. After that first impulse of feeling for humanity, a second may come, for nationality; and a third, of jealousy; and a fourth, of distrust; and, one after another, they may spring up in numbers, until the old selfish temper

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again gets the upper hand. Possibly the Conference has not taken right precautions to keep down these subtle traits, which are impervious to reason, unapproachable with force, and can only be reached and controlled by that silent, gentle, invisible influence, which comes from another world. Possibly!

CRITICISMS.

Already, though it is but three days since the beautiful vision of peace was thrown upon the screen, there are criticisms being hurled at it, by friend as well as foe. No doubt they are being fully aired by the newspapers at home, especially the objection that the League does not free Ireland, the example *par excellence* of a small nation deprived of its nationality; or that it does not definitely provide for disarmament, which many consider the only effective means of preventing world wars; or that it contravenes the traditions of America as inherited from Washington's warning against entangling alliances; or that it supersedes the Monroe Doctrine by making not the United States but others the judge and arbiter of the relations between Latin America and foreign countries; or that it endorses and makes a part of the international law, the naval policy of Great Britain which Mr. Wilson pronounced "illegal and indefensible" early in the war; or that it fixes or presupposes to be fixed and unchangeable, the boundaries of nations, as if nations do not grow and expand and acquire the right (on the principle of self-determination) to new and additional boundaries.

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AND MORE CRITICISMS.

Many more criticisms than these are being echoed about and expressed in the newspapers here, either as original thought or in the way of quoting opinions elsewhere voiced; some, I notice, from America. There are others of a more general type, such as that the League is not a League of Nations, but of rulers; that it is not even a League in any true sense but merely a camouflaged alliance between Great Britain and the United States, or at best, the five Great Powers; that it is not democratic, but autocratic, or oligarchic, or something of the kind; that it does not destroy the balance-of-power system in Europe, but extends it to the world and raises it to the *nth* power; that, even if it works out as intended and with all the powers keeping faith among themselves, it does not mean, and can not bring, a peace of liberty, but only peace by suppression.

FREEDOM OF CONSCIENCE?

The one most general criticism, perhaps,—that is, the one expressed most generally, is in regard to the freedom of conscience clause, which apparently, it is said, applies only in case of the captured colonies of Germany that are the very backwardest in their development, “those of Central Africa” alone being mentioned, leaving all the other peoples of the world free to practice religious discrimination, so far as the League is concerned. And some I hear talk, who are citizens of countries where religious persecution has not been unknown, even in late years, are greatly impressed and,

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in a way, disturbed, at this striking omission, arguing that, since the constitution provides for a mutual agreement in respect to child labor and the like, the failure to provide for religious freedom, even in the mandatory provinces other than Central Africa, is virtually an invitation by the League to all countries, lately practicing religious persecution, to proceed in their happy way. That is to say, as a certain high official of one such country (it is not necessary to designate them) put it to me: "They did not refrain from guaranteeing religious liberty because it was an internal matter, since it certainly is no more so than is child and woman labor; and, therefore I dread to think why they did refrain, as it is very plain that they had it up and deliberately declined to go farther than what we see."

HOBBY RIDERS.

"But that seems to me a purely negative objection to the League as such," I suggested.

"True," he admitted at once; "and when you have considered all you hear in the way of objection to it, there will scarcely be a point that is other than purely negative. The main difficulty of the situation," he went on, "is that these negatives, when added together by the petty fellows, who make a sort of hobby of one or the other thing they would like to see done, will take on size and dimensions and, perhaps, strength, and may loom up to cloud the vision or overcome the purpose, and go that far to defeat the one great purpose of the League, which is peace, peace for the world,

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peace at least for this generation and likely for several generations yet to come."

ALL GREAT ENTERPRISES INVOLVE DANGER.

The speaker mused awhile and then turned to me with a brightened look, to say: "I hear some of you Americans talking about your Monroe Doctrine, but what was that for but peace? And then, the warning of your illustrious first President, was not that intended for peace? And if peace by suppression is good after we have been fighting these four years, would not it have been good before we began to fight? I have heard all the objections," he concluded earnestly, "and all the suggestions in connection with the League. I have made some of my own, both ways. I can see the possibility, nay, the certainty, of great wrongs committed by nations in spite of the League. I can see the chance of them being committed through means of the League. I can see danger in the League. But there are always chances; always dangers, especially in big things. Columbus risked danger. Washington did. Lincoln did. You know. Their courage made possible what is the hope of the world today; and Wilson's courage will realize it. Danger! Why that's what Americans delight in, those of the real type; and do you suppose Europeans will be frightened by it after these four years?"

THE ONE REAL THING.

And somehow, as he finished, it seemed to me, that all the objections I had heard discuss-

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ed with so much strain and vigor applied not to the League but rather to conditions, that obtain whether there is a League or not; and the one thing tangible, the one thing positive, **the one thing real in it all**—in the years of war, in the death and destruction, in the Conference, with its bickerings and schemings and hidden strifes, in the humiliation and dismemberment of Empires, in it all—is **the League of Nations**, with its promise of peace to the world, the highest reach of human effort and understanding ever made toward peace on earth, which, if it must fail, will fail only because it is only human.

After all, God rules the world.

**Visit to Benedictine Monastery. The Solemn
Grandeur of the Gregorian Chant.**

PARIS, Feb. 22.—Oh! it seems impossible! Chateau Thierry, Belleau Wood, Vaux, Rheims! I have looked upon their ruins; and my spirit is sad and chastened. No words can picture their desolation. Nothing can describe the dismal silence, the awful blight, the chill and death that are there. The day we chanced on for our trip was frightfully cold. We were caught in a blizzard on the way; our car stuck in the ditches; the wind was strong, impatient, biting; and the sun, millions of miles off, was completely hidden!

“TORCY WAS A VILLAGE.”

We crossed a little stream, no broader than one's hand it looked to me, accustomed to the magnificent streams in America. It is the Marne, a mere brook of a thing, that it is incredible to think served twice in four years to save the world. We passed by a heap near the roadside.

“Torcy!” called the guide.

“And what is Torcy?” I questioned.

“Torcy was a village,” said the guide.

One could not have known; it is only a heap now. Very near by is a little American cemetery, that completes the story.

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BELLEAU WOOD.

“Belleau Wood!” called the guide, indicating a sharp upland to the left, where I could see numbers of huge black sticks jutting forth from the ground, some of them mere stumps, others bearing a resemblance to trees, but with branches broken off close to the body and leaving only the naked trunks clinging, as it were, for dear life to the earth. The first lines of Kilmer’s beautiful poem ran through my mind—

“I think that I shall never see

“A poem lovely as a tree.

“A tree, whose hungry mouth is prest.

“Against the earth’s sweet flowing breast.”

I could remember no more of the lines, but I wondered how the poet’s Muse would sing to him, had he lived to look on a winter’s day at these charred and broken remnants of that once beautiful wood.

“There,” said the guide, “is where the first miracle took place. It cost the American Marines and doughboys 90 per cent of their men and officers; but the Germans knew then—and it was the first time since the war began that they had certain reason to know—that they would not win the war. The push, that began there, was never halted until the armistice was signed—” but who does not know the story!

HEROISM THAT SHALL LIVE.

“Only it should never be forgotten, that, while the sacrifice was terrible, and the tactics, in military lore, perhaps, not celebrated, the

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Americans showed their mettle here; and, as it was their first chance, the moral effect, or the effect on the morale, if that is better, was tremendous beyond all comprehension. I thought of Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill, Tours, the Plains of Marathon, of all the Thermopylaes, where the sons of liberty had stood and where they lie, but they seemed like dim and distant memories in the presence of these glorious even though gloomy signs of a heroism, that must always live in song and story.

BOURESCHES AND VAUX.

Another pile of silent and deserted debris by the roadside was once Bouresches, three times captured by the Germans, and three times taken back by the American regulars. A few walls remain, but that is all. A little farther on is Vaux. I looked all around to see the village, when the guide called out. There was only a pile of broken wood and mortar; even the walls were gone. In Chateau Thierry the bridges are all destroyed, and everywhere are signs of ruin, but some whole things are left standing. Not so Vaux—there is literally not one complete thing left. The guide—did I say he is an American petty officer?—explained why Vaux was destroyed, while Chateau Thierry was only “shot up.” It was the cannon at Vaux, but the Germans did not use cannon on Chateau Thierry, for their own men were in the town, when the fighting began; and, when the fighting in the town was over, the Germans had no time to think of using cannon.

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HOT WORK, AND HAND-TO-HAND.

“See that marble statue of LaFontaine?” said the American; “one knee is shot away. And those signs over the shops, you see, are very much deleted. Well, that is the work of machine guns; cannon would have blown them away completely, destroyed the buildings, everything, just like the other places you have seen. The Germans took the town, and tried to cross this bridge we are on. The Americans were stationed just there on that side. The Germans failed to cross. I guess we will never know how many thousand of them went off this bridge into the river, dead. That was in the June battle. Our boys began their counter attack here on June 18. They did cross the bridge. Some of them went off into the river, too; but they took the town. It was hand-to-hand work, and machine guns. I don’t suppose there was anything else quite so fast and furious in the war.”

A REAL BATTLE.

“You see,” the guide went on speaking, “it was altogether different from Belleau Wood. There, the machine gun nests had to be cleaned out. A whole company would start for one gun, maybe, and the thing working straight at them from cover. Sometimes only two or three would get there. It was no use shooting; but just go to it; clean them out. Our fellows never had a chance. But here, they could shoot, too; and there’s no sort of doubt that they did. This was a real battle; that in the Wood just slaughter. The Wood showed our mettle.

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It was proof to the Germans that we were not in the game out of courtesy, or just to go on record; but we were in it to win, no matter the cost. Then came Chateau Thierry, when our men went right over the bridge into their midst and drove them out, and they had proof, of the kind men gamble on, that our soldiers were better soldiers than theirs, could shoot straighter, fight faster and keep their heads better in the midst of it all. That was the end, I say. All the rest was just a matter of finding a way to back out best."

THROUGH RUINS OF VILLAGES.

Through Mont St. Pere, Jaulgonne, Verneuil, Vilette-Tardenois, Vigny, all mere names of ruins now, though it is but four years since they were happy little towns, we came to Rheims, where the great cathedral towers are still uplifted, as if in triumphant acclaim that here is one city, that stood in the path of the onrushing German hordes, and did not fall. There is so much to say of Rheims, so much that may not be left unsaid, that I must defer writing anything until another time.

This concluded my visit to this section of the battlefields. I shall never forget the day.

CLEMENCEAU SHOT.

Back in Paris, all was excitement; Clemenceau had been shot! For awhile there was great anxiety for him; but that now has passed. I hear a dozen different stories repeated; all without authority, touching his request to be nursed by a good religious, who nursed him

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through an illness a year ago, it seems. It is naturally the first thought of a Catholic to wonder how the old statesman felt in the moment, when death seemed near. Someone started the rumor that a priest happened by during the immediate excitement on the street, and asked if he could serve the Premier, who answered; "Not yet;" but I cannot confirm this excellent story.

POPE'S MESSAGE A SOURCE OF JOY.

The message of sympathy sent by the Holy Father was a source of joy to the French Catholics, which they took no pains to conceal. They see in it a forerunner to better things, perhaps, a renewal of diplomatic relations with the Vatican. It does not impress me that way, I must confess. All that I can make out of it is the natural sympathy and solicitude, that the Holy Father must feel for the victim of a deed so dastardly. But the French mind is very, very subtle. I trust, in this case, that it is also true. I do believe that the religious tone in the atmosphere is growing stronger—not more pronounced, but more natural. It may be myself only, however, for I have just been to a Benedictine monastery, and feel very religious.

VISIT TO A BENEDICTINE MONASTERY.

I went to a lecture on Gregorian Music. It was illustrated most beautifully, with gorgeous religious chants. Then, there was an exhibit of the most exquisite vestments and habits, centuries old. The Benedictines are endeavoring to revive the use of the old style habit and vest-

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ments and, also, the Gregorian chant, construing the *Motu Proprio* of Pope Pius X in its literal meaning.

GREGORIAN CHANT.

Certainly, as heard this afternoon, the Chant is more appropriate for divine services. There is a solemnity about it that the polyphonic music, however grand and impressive, does not have. And, too, the free rhythm gives a freshness to the tones that only a master can put into the measured bars. But the Chant must be well done, and I am told it can be well done only when it is done prayerfully. I know that I have heard it when it was horrid; but today it was touching.

The chapel of the monastery was a tiny one. It was an invitation affair and only a few persons were present, but at that the little place was crowded. It was a dark, cheerless chapel, with a few dim, weak oil lamps about. And cold and damp! I could almost imagine myself in the catacombs! Solemn Vespers and Benediction followed the lecture, with about fifteen monk-priests assisting; and I never felt more deeply the simple grandeur of these familiar ceremonies. Perhaps, it was the music; perhaps the atmosphere; perhaps myself; but I enjoyed it all as if it were some new experience for me; and, though I love the music of the masters, I am for the free Gregorian in our churches.

THE CONFERENCE?

No, I have not a word at this writing in regard to the Peace Conference. I notice that

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President Wilson is arriving in Boston today, when, no doubt, even we back here will learn more than we have known, for, of course, he will now take the American people into his confidence, which, to me, seems to be the one thing lacking over here—the people do not know.

When I see the masters of diplomacy all gathered around the Peace Table, they seem somehow to be far removed from the war and what it has meant to the people; and I sometimes think that, perhaps, the men, who did the fighting, should have a voice, or, at least, know what is going on.

**The Glorious Past of the Country. Kindly
Courtesy of Great Statesman.**

PARIS, Feb. 28.—This morning I have had the privilege of interviewing the Prime Minister of Greece, M. Venizelos, one of the most interesting figures at the Peace Conference. I went to his hotel at the appointed hour, and was handed from guard to guard, until I reached a beautiful large salon flooded with sunlight, one of the gayest, most cheerful spots I have found in Paris. The walls were hung with rose satins, and the furnishings were arrayed in the same elegant material. There were many flowers around the room, several artistic screens placed about, and a grand piano in one corner. The only suggestion of business amidst the comfort and luxury was a great oblong table in the center of the room, all covered with books, papers and pamphlets, dealing with the bewildering Balkan questions.

LIKES UNITED STATES.

Almost immediately the great statesman entered. He has a personality of extraordinary charm. He was smiling cordially, and extended his hand in greeting, as he came through the door.

“It always gives me great pleasure to send a message to the United States,” he began at

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once, speaking in excellent English, "because I feel, that is, we all in Greece feel, that your country has been sympathetic from the first minute of our effort to cast off the rule of our ex-king—an autocrat. It was a fight for Democracy against Autocracy; and we knew that America wished to see Democracy victorious."

THE KING PRO-GERMAN.

"We had difficult times in those days," continued the Prime Minister, after a pause. "The king most impressively told the masses that, if Greece were to enter the war it should be as one of Germany's allies. It was incredible that the great German Empire should be defeated. Entrance on the side of the Allies would mean death for Greece, as it had for the other small nations. Had not Belgium, Serbia, and Roumania been crushed? It was somewhat convincing, but I fought hard that my country should enter the Great War in the cause of Justice; that we should fight for ideals; that we should be with Democracy against Autocracy, even though it meant our defeat. I was called 'Venzelos the fool, the idealist, the visionary.' Nevertheless, in the end we won out!"

He stopped suddenly. A door behind him had slightly opened, and he arose to close it. I smiled, for he had been looking directly at me during the conversation; but here was proof of his keen consciousness of everything in the whole room.

FULL OF ENTHUSIASM.

The Prime Minister is not, as one might

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expect, a Greek in appearance, except, perhaps, in the olive color of his skin. He has very white hair, white mustache and a heavy beard. His eyes are most interesting. They are kindly and gentle but searching and full of enthusiasm while he talks. He sat down again, looking rather serious.

“Yes,” he went on, “the present political condition of Greece is very good and satisfactory, but my country suffers.”

He then told me of the food situation, which is very distressing. His people have meat only *once* a week; and bread is very scarce.

THE GREEK NATION.

In the next few minutes—thanks to the suggestive powers of a brilliant conversationist, who has the happy faculty of drawing out one’s own thought and memories, and vivifying them—I learned more about Greece and her people than I can ever relate. It is estimated that there are eight and a quarter million persons composing the Hellenic people, fifty-five per cent of whom live in the Kingdom of Greece, and the remainder outside its limits. In Thrace, including Constantinople, there are over seven hundred and thirty thousand Greeks. There is nearly a quarter million in Northern Epirus. There is almost a half million in Asia Minor, although it is thought that three hundred thousand Greeks, along with seven hundred thousand Armenians, were exterminated there during the war, besides another half million, probably, that was expelled by the Turks during that time. Then, “The Isles of Greece” are

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thoroughly Hellenic; and Greece desires them returned to her. The settlement of the Balkan Wars restored some of the islands, but some were excepted, "for strategic reasons." Rhodes and the Dodecanese were assigned to Italy in the once secret, but now notorious, London Pact.

THE FUTURE OF GREECE.

I asked M. Venizelos about the extension of the Frontiers. He looked happy and said he hoped the territories claimed would be granted.

"It will mean that many will be brought back under a Government of their own people. Great agricultural results will come from these lands, too. The future of Greece will be that of an agricultural nation, but, of course, we shall continue to be a Marine nation also. After all," here he smiled broadly, "have we not been sailors for thousands and thousands of years?"

THE GLORIOUS PAST.

That carried me back a long way, when the hardy adventurers of ancient Peloponnesia were carrying classic civilization through all the world, when the idea of democracy was first conceived by Greek philosophers. I recalled that M. Venizelos was Cretan born, and that the little island of his birthplace loomed big in history before Licurgus' time. As I regarded his radiant, impressive countenance, while he hurried on in his vivid portrayal of the character, the aims and aspirations of his people, I thought that he must be a living example of the human product natural to a country old in

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history, rich in traditions, and washed on every side by the free waters of the sea. No wonder the Moslem power was broken, when it overcame the Greeks! One can hardly begrudge them the consolation of the happy thought that their unconquered spirit, disseminated by the fall of Constantinople, was the primary cause that inspired the old world to search out a place where liberty could dwell.

KINDLY COURTESY.

But secretaries now began to bring in important looking papers, which appeared to need the immediate attention of the Minister; and I made ready to leave. As he told me "Good morning," he asked me very simply and charmingly to forgive his bad English, which had been quite perfect, although he had occasionally resorted to French to express quickly and comprehensively some thought that his English retarded. Before parting he said:

"You seem interested in Greece. May I give you some literature I have prepared for the Peace Conference?"

He walked into an adjoining office, and picked out several pamphlets. We shook hands again, and I left. I walked out past the theatrical looking, gaily-colored, silk bloomed and turbaned guards, thinking and convinced that Greece has in M. Venizelos a great, sincere statesman, with a tremendous vision.

Admiral Benson. Great Panorama of the
World War.

PARIS, March 7, 1919.—This week Admiral and Mrs. Benson called to see me. They are two perfectly delightful persons, cultured, polished, entertaining, and as democratic as the traditional genius of America. Fancy the Lord High Admiral of the British Empire, and his wife, making a social visit to a mere reporter-girl, even though her father happened to be an old friend.

Admiral Benson would not allow himself to be "interviewed" by me. "No, no," he demurred, when I suggested that I would like to repeat some of the very interesting things he told me; "we are only visiting, just 'dropped in' you know, to see you and be remembered to your father." But he is going to give me a "story" soon when I can see him at the Crillon, and more than that, he will try to get me an interview with Marshal Foch, with whom he is on intimate terms. The Marshal talks for publication, but very, very seldom; but, I feel sure, with the Admiral to introduce me, he will wish to send a message through the Catholic Press Association of America.

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PARIS SEEMS LIKE ITSELF AGAIN.

Paris seems like itself again. It is so divinely spring-like, with beautiful blue skies and bright shining sun; it is the cheerfulest place in the world—so it seems. One would never imagine, as the life of the spring unfolds here in the atmosphere of the gayest city of the world, that there is so much tragedy in the immediate past, and a possibility of even greater tragedy in the near future. The days are gorgeous now, the air balmy and fine; and, for the first time in four years, the homes, the streets, everything is being cleaned and brightened. Walls are being washed and painted white again, instead of the dull, drab gray they have worn so long. Carpets are brushing and mending and call bells are working, and elevators are commencing to run. All the work is done by returned heroes, one-armed, one-eyed, one-legged men; and sometimes th service is rather left-handed, but it is marvellous at that, after all that France went through! I look on and think, what a wonderful thing is the soul of such a people!

THE ALEXANDER BRIDGE.

The weather drew everyone into the streets yesterday; and I walked through the boulevards nearly the whole day. In the afternoon I went over the Alexander Bridge, a beautiful structure adorned with a number of great gold eagles and wonderful bronze lamps, named for one of the Russian Alexanders, I believe. Czar Nicholas came all the way to Paris, they say,

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to lay the first stone of the structure twenty odd years ago. The bridge connects the Champs with the Invalides. Four magnificent statues of France cover the approaches—the France of Charlemagne, the France of the Renaissance, the France of Louis XIV and the France of the opening Twentieth Century (the structure was completed in 1900.)

PANORAMIC PAINTING OF THE WAR.

In full view of this historic ensemble is being painted an enormous panoramic scene or series of scenes, picturing the salient events of the war. This is being done by two artists Pierre Carrier-Belleuse and Auguste-Francois Gorguet, and seventeen assistants, who include the most celebrated detail artists, perhaps in Europe. Although it has been in the making since the beginning of the war, the picture is far from complete. Imagine! it is three hundred and sixty feet long and forty-five feet high. It shows all the battlefields, and groups of the leading war figures of each nation, in the order they entered the war. It is really one of the most remarkable things I have ever seen; and, as it is very likely to be the most conspicuous record of the war that will be made anywhere, I venture to describe it somewhat in detail, although I fully realize how imperfect must be the impression conveyed in a few brief words.

CONTAINS THOUSANDS OF FIGURES.

The War Pantheon (*Le Pantheon de la Guerre*) as the panorama is called, is a work

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of glorification, conceived and begun immediately after the first victory of the Marne. It contains literally thousands of figures, each painted true to life (some from personal acquaintance of the artist, some from photographs, some from descriptive documents.) There are officers of all ranks, soldiers of every nation, gunners, horsemen, aviators, sailors, all arranged on the steps of a huge stairs, above which, in an attitude of glorious triumph, towers the winged statue of Victory. Down at the foot of the statue, the French leaders are shown: Joffre, Foch, Petain, Castelnau, Nivelle, Pau, Mangin, d'Esperey. Near these, a little to the rear, are the portraits of Abbe Henocque and Abbe Andrieux, chaplains of the fusiliers, and, with them, some of the bishops of the invaded regions of France, whose devotion and sacrifice and unbeaten courage, even in the darkest hour, are typical of the patriotism and the faith of Catholic France.

WOMEN ARE THERE, TOO.

Women are there, too, those who really took part in the war; nurses, clerks, assistants—some who were put at the head of the most important services of a town; some, who were decorated with the cross of war. Their presence is not only an act of justice, but a masterpiece of the artist, for it gives to the picture a warmth, a naturalness, a vividness that nothing else could give. **The women are not** grouped to themselves—another happy thought—but disposed among the soldiers, in positions

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where their very place tells their story. The noble, heroic woman, who was decorated for seventy-two hours constant nursing of the soldiers, being brought in from one grim battlefield, for example, is near the commander of the French forces, that finally carried the day; near the aviator who was a chief factor in that attack, while the other leading actors of that particular battle are grouped around. One instantly recalls the whole terrible scene.

GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS.

In front of the French officers, chaplains, bishops, women, soldiers, and sailors, that crowd the stairway to the very summit, with figures everywhere, but all distinct, with no vacant space but plenty of air, with colors all different but never blurred, all blending softly with the infinitely deep-looking blue that dominates, and crowned with a magnificent rainbow that extends over Golden-winged Victory as if it were a promise and a covenant of the days to come—in front of this picture, quite near the spectator, on the immense platform from which the great stair rises, is a numerous group of government and civilian officials, with the President of France in front. And, at last, immediately on the foreground, “looking at you” is one of the glorious 75’s, with Colonel Deport, the immortal designer, standing beside.

ALLIES ON THE FLANKS.

Such is the picture of France, the central group, which gives the artists’ theme. On

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each side, in the order in which they came into the struggle, are groups representing all of the nations allied and associated with France during the war: England, with Miss Cavell as one of the chief features in the group, and whom I noticed even before King George or Lloyd George; Belgium, with Cardinal Mercier dominating the scene; America, with Wilson and Pershing in the foreground, but with Secretary of War Baker and Secretary Daniels prominent, of course; Italy, China, Japan, and all the others; so that as one looks upon the immense panorama, one realizes, as never before, that it was truly a world war.

**Interesting Interview with John O'Kelly, Sinn
Fein Delegate to the Peace Conference.
An Engaging Personality.**

PARIS, March 15.—Sometime ago Mr. O'Kelly arrived in Paris, and announced that he is here as a representative of the Sinn Fein to the Peace Conference from the Republic of Ireland. Naturally very much interested, I hastened to secure an interview with him, which was not difficult to obtain, as he is an extremely democratic man, and, of course, not unwilling to speak a word for his cause at every opportunity. Needless to say, he is typically Irish. It is interesting to note that he always spells his name "O'Ceallaigh," true to the Gaelic, and puts the more familiar form "O'Kelly" in parenthesis underneath.

The Sinn Fein representative is the most conservative, quiet sort of person one could imagine, with delightfully low voice and that charming Irish brogue one cannot but love to hear. In the most casual manner possible, he says all the seditious things one expects, and only disappoints one in the way he says them.

HUMBLE QUARTERS.

There is a striking difference between his surroundings and those of others, whom I had

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the privilege of interviewing while here. He does not occupy an entire floor of spacious salons and offices, with guards at the doors, secretaries flitting around, and messengers dashing in and out. Instead, he himself opened the door for me, and I walked into a narrow little single room, where there were two chairs, with one window looking out upon the court.

NO WORD FROM WILSON.

He began by telling me that Dublin had offered the freedom of the city to President Wilson, by regular act of the Assembly. At first they wrote letters to Mr. Wilson; later, they sent him telegrams; and the Irish people, deeply interested as they were, could not understand his failure to reply to any communication they had sent. This was the principal reason for Mr. O'Kelly being sent to Paris, where he could secure a personal interview with the illustrious spokesman of the great Republic, whom the Irish people looked to as the champion of small nations. Before the President sailed for the States, Mr. O'Kelly had made three efforts to see him at the Murat Palace, but had not succeeded.

TELLS OF EASTER UPRISING.

I inquired if he was in Dublin during the Easter Rebellion. He was. In giving me a description of the fighting, in which he quite simply observed that he had been wounded three times, he compared the wreckage with the ruin of the devastated cities of Europe, saying that

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if I had seen these, I could form a good idea of O'Connell Street during those days. It was entirely shattered. And it was his opinion that another outbreak was not unlikely, if the Irish situation continues to be entirely ignored, as, at present, there are something like a quarter million English troops garrisoned in Ireland, which, though there to prevent an outbreak, are a constant irritant, like the immense war machines of Europe used to be, though they, too, were prepared "to make war impossible."

On leaving him, Mr. O'Kelly pressed upon me not to fail to see him after some of the clouds had lifted from his country, when he could speak more certainly of her future in the family of nations of the world.

THE HOSPITALS.

I must tell you of my visits to the hospitals, especially that to Hospital No. 57, which I visited in company with Mr. Thomas McLaughlin, of Newark, N. J. This hospital, before the war, was a great rambling university, on the other side of the river from and looking over the Luxemburg gardens. It is a perfectly delightful spot, if one could but disassociate the surroundings from one's ever-clinging consciousness of what they within must suffer. There are nine hundred beds accommodated here. During the war the capacity was strained to fifteen hundred. The place was built on the old French courtyard plan; and, in those rush days, the very yards were filled with beds, to say nothing of the halls and corridors and other available space.

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"DADDY K.-C."

The day of my visit, every one of the nine hundred beds was filled. The spirit of the men was splendid, and they were delighted with our coming. I fully realized how popular are the men of the K. C. organization. They would call out to Mr. McLaughlin, as soon as they saw his uniform, calling him "Daddy K. C.," and speaking of him as their "best friend." Mr. McLaughlin is an excellent hospital man, with always some clever story to tell, or a cheerful passing word to the sick.

We distributed chocolates, cigarettes, *Saturday Evening Posts* and *Chicago Tribunes*. (The latter is especially popular with the men, because each copy has, across the top, the legend, "GET THE BOYS HOME TOOT SUITE.") We would talk to the men freely, as we went through; I think we talked to almost every one. And of all the questions, and stories, and messages sent,—it would require a book to relate them.

WHAT A SPIRIT!

One little, dark, fuzzy-headed Italian rose up in bed, when we approached, and exclaimed: "Lady, I have nineteen pieces of shrapnel in me!" It seemed to be a matter of great pride to him. It occurred to me as, at least, of some importance. He insisted that I should run my hand over his arm over several black, projecting points, which were some of the nineteen not yet removed. He told me all about himself, and how he had helped to do our fighting,

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although he was not even naturalized, and could hardly speak English. He was at Chateau Thierry and up in the Argonne, where they "got him;" and he seemed to be immensely glad of it all. I thought: what a spirit!

NATIONAL CATHOLIC WAR COUNCIL CLUB.

The Catholic activities here are very, very popular. At the National Catholic War Council Club (Etoile Service Club,) everything is delightful. It is a beautiful house, filled with lovely paintings and rich tapestries. The dainty gold chairs, that once, so appropriately, sat about the rooms, have been replaced with large, stout, comfortable chairs, that one can sit in without being awfully timid about it; and long tables, with low writing lamps, complete the furnishings.

At one of these tables, on my last visit, a girl was writing letters for one of the men, who could not write XX (I learned that, likewise, he could not read) and it looked most paradoxical that this man, a great handsome man of about forty years, should have come from America. It is such little services, like helping him to communicate with his folks at home, that count for so much and are worth so much, while they cost so little. The Service Club is run on some kind of canteen plan; and, in addition to the ever-present cigarettes, the men can have candy, chocolate, tea and coffee, with biscuits and the like, whenever they wish them.

Already, the Catholic Club is very well

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known, and I think the Sunday morning breakfasts will make it famous. Only last Sunday, Mrs. Miller alone cooked pancakes for over a hundred men, returning from Communion at St. Joseph, which is just around the corner. Now, this is the latest Catholic activity; and, like all the others, it goes "over the top" the first thing in winning popularity. The N. C. W. C. girls, including Miss Gertrude Egan, now of Memphis, Tenn., but formerly of Louisville, Ky., arrived only Friday. I had dinner that night with them. They "took hold" at once. It is quite remarkable how adaptable we are, at times, isn't it?

And there is no foretelling the possible results of these Catholic activities, here in France, which is in some ways, perhaps, the most irreligious place in the world, while in others the most prayerful, soulful, faithful.

**Catholic Settlement Complicated. Seems
Strange to Americans. Contact
With Americans Helpful.**

PARIS, Mar. 24.—This is a real, old-fashion, school-day "Blue Monday" in Paris. Everything one hears is depressing; everybody one talks with speaks discouragingly. And it seems so strange, in a way; for it is bright and cheerful overhead, and the streets are crowded with gay throngs, that seem all aburst with the spirit of Spring. I suppose we should be reminded by this contrast that it was never intended for all things on earth to be heavenly. When I came over, for weeks and weeks together it was dark and raining, until I sometimes fancied the sun would never again shine. Most everybody and everything were dreadfully gloomy. The one bright spot then was the Peace Conference and its environs, if I may put it that way. Now all is changed; nature has preened herself up brightly, but the prospects of peace look dismal. Hungary has surrendered to the Bolsheviks; Italy threatens to withdraw from the parley; and we hear dark rumors of the Japanese making trouble, if racial equality is not guaranteed in the final world pact now being discussed. Many other disturbing rumors abound. They have been springing up for weeks, and today,

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it seems, the whole accumulation was dumped by the news gatherers on the unsuspecting public.

UNREST GROWS.

In the meanwhile, several days have elapsed since Mr. Wilson's arrival on his second trip over, and nothing seems accomplished. The "Council of Ten" has given way to a "Council of Four," with Japan, for some reason, eliminated. Daily conferences are being held among Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Orlando, but no hint of their conclusions is given out or seems to "leak" out. And the unrest grows.

You get all this in the news dispatches, of course, but it is impossible to get the atmosphere that way. Nor can I describe this so as to convey anything like a true impression. But one cannot be here without feeling it, especially if one is trying to carry in mind and group and draw some conclusion from all one hears.

AMERICANS AND BRITISH UNWORRIED.

The Americans seem to be the least disturbed of any among the Conference "environs;" they have had prior experience with the nothing-seems-accomplished state of Mr. Wilson's policy, and, in spite of the blue-black prospects the reporters have managed to throw upon the canvass, they carry an air of *sang froid*, as though they expected the President, one of these fine mornings, to appear in some balcony and coolly announce: "The thing is done!"

I must say, however, that the British, too, wear a satisfied air, but it seems to be a differ-

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ent sort of satisfaction, as if they were asking: "Well, what are you going to do about it? Take it or leave it; the matter scarcely interests us." And, really, I wonder if this is not a rather effective combination impression, the assumption, on the one hand, that it will be so, and, on the other, that it will be right.

Possibly before this letter reaches you, the whole situation will change; certainly it must change before so very long, because, as matters are, it is very tense and everything is strained.

INTERESTS OF RELIGION.

Like the interests of State, the interests of the Church, also, are deeply involved. Alsace-Lorraine is disturbed over the insistent demands of the old anti-clericals that the Act of Separation be applied to the restored Provinces.

Sometime ago the Minister of the Interior, M. Faure, wrote the Prefect of Tarn to discover whether or not a "Diocesan Missionary" was not concealing under this title the fact that he is a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, which was dissolved by the Combes' Cabinet, of which M. Faure was head. *La Croix* took this as a clear indication that the Government proposes to renew the persecution of the Religious Orders. The appointment of M. Debierre as Commissioner of Education for the Provinces was not regarded as reassuring, since he has frankly made war on the Church, on religion, in fact, for many years.

OPPORTUNITY FOR FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

On the other hand, the visit of Cardinal Arch-

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bishop Amette to Rome, occurring at this time, is considered a most promising event, as he goes with at least the tacit consent, if not the good will, of the Government. There seem to be some technicalities, by which, if it wishes, the Government may hold the Provinces of Alsace-Lorraine exempt from the operation of the Act of Separation, without, at the same time, acknowledging it should be inoperative in the rest of France. M. Armand Lods, member of the Executive Commission of the Lutheran Church of France, and one time Professor of Ecclesiastical and Civil Law in the Faculty of Protestant Theology, has called attention, in a published article, to a precedent that will afford the Government its opportunity in this respect.

A PRECEDENT.

“When Louis XIV reunited Alsace with France,” says M. Lods, “he took a solemn oath to respect liberty of worship in that province. By the treaties of Muenster and Osnabrueck (known as the treaty of Westphalia) and the Capitulation of Strassburg, the possession of ecclesiastical property was confirmed to the Lutheran and Reformed churches of Alsace, and the Decrees of 1870 excepted, from the sale of national property, the property belonging to the Protestants of Alsace. Our Government must follow these precedents.”

CATHOLIC SETTLEMENT COMPLICATED.

The writer admits, however, that “the settlement of Catholic affairs is more complicated,

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as the Holy See forbade the formation of 'religious associations' (as provided in the Act of Separation) in France, and will not permit their formation in Alsace." But, after pointing out that, in default of these "associations," the property of the Church falls into the hands of "Charity Commissioners," or in plain terms is confiscated, he adds that "Nobody could tolerate such a spoliation of the Catholics of Alsace on the morrow of their reunion with France."

SEEMS STRANGE TO AN AMERICAN.

It all seems so strange to a traveler from America where, except for a few cranky persons here and there, we take religious liberty as a matter of course. It is quite beyond me. Frankly, I am at times inclined to lose sympathy with Catholics, who cannot care better for themselves, but then I remember that in many other respects the institutions here are not like those at home. The ballot is not so direct, public opinion is not so widespread, and independence is not so much a matter of habit, while politics is far more radical in its issues, or at least has been. We in America are all agreed on our form of government, but not so here. The things most agitated here were settled with us long ago. The people of France—the masses, I mean—scarcely ever think about tariffs or subsidies or division of power, such as ours between Federal and State governments, or most other "issues" in American politics of the past. They are Monarchists or Republicans or of some other designation signifying an equally

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fundamental idea of government that, perhaps because it is so radically important, claims their unconditional support.

ASSOCIATING WITH AMERICANS HELPING FRENCH.

This complicates matters to a degree that makes most every question of French Government very difficult to understand in the light of American customs and ideals, and it excites anew one's sympathy for the French Catholics, many of whom, in spite of Leo XIII's Encyclical addressed to them, have been deceived into believing that the Church is opposed to Republican Government. Naturally, since coming in contact with large numbers of Americans who are devoutly Catholic while thoroughly republican, and who find mutual helpfulness instead of antagonism between the two, they are fast escaping their previous delusion; and, if the Peace Conference will only settle things, and ward off the menace of Bolshevism, and give the people an opportunity to think without having to think for their very lives, the American example of Catholicism will grow in its impressiveness, and, by and by, one ventures to hope, France will be Catholic again.

The Rapid Development and Splendid Work of Our Navy.

PARIS, Apr. 4.—There is no little talk in certain circles here in respect to the attitude of the American Government towards our ranking officers in the Army and Navy, which is regarded by many as being highly ungrateful. They say, for example, that Admirals Benson and Sims, when they return to America, will automatically be reduced in rank as well as pay; and, to the people over here, that seems to be an inexcusable injustice, after all they have done, for it is recognized by all that the American Navy was an important—possibly a deciding—factor in the war; and the thought uppermost in minds here is: Who, if not these men, and especially Admiral Benson, the Chief of American Naval Operations, is entitled to the credit? Of course, the Admirals themselves do not give expression to their feeling, but they are human, and surely must anticipate with disappointment the reward, that awaits them at the hands of their Government.

APPRECIATED IN EUROPE.

In the States we are accustomed to think of our Navy and the Secretary of the Navy together, as if he were really in charge of our sea forces, and, certainly, before the war, Secretary Daniels was the butt of much criticism,

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which, perhaps, accounts for Admiral Benson, Chief of Naval Operations, as well as Admiral Sims and other Naval officers, and even the sailors, being in a large degree obscured in the desire of the press to make up for the past. But it is quite different over here, where the part of our Navy in checking the submarine, bringing food to Europe and finally the men, is more keenly appreciated, and the activities of Admirals Benson and Sims are better known. Especially in the case of Admiral Benson, who, as highest ranking Officer of the American Navy, even had he not represented the United States on the Inter-Allied Naval Commission or in drawing the Armistice terms that put an end to German naval power, would be looked on as deserving of all praise for the splendid condition and remarkable work of our sea forces in the war. When, moreover, he is one of the most energetic and trusted members of the Supreme War Council, where his word, as all here know, carries the very greatest weight, one need not add that he is a war figure, of whom Americans may all feel justly proud.

FRANCE TO HONOR THEM.

I have every reason to know of the great esteem, in which the Continent holds the Chief of American Naval Operations, who, with the British Lord High Admiral stands next to Marshal Foch among the leaders of the greatest fighting forces ever assembled on land and sea. On all hands it is heard that France is only waiting for some recognition of his distin-

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guished service from his own country, before she would ask him to accept some special honor at her hands, though it is past all understanding how these things manage to get out, and it is impossible to learn with certainty what foundation they have. But I do hope that President Wilson or Congress or whoever must take the initiative, perhaps Secretary Daniels, will soon make it possible for Admiral Benson, and Admiral Simms also, to receive the distinction, that is their due, and retain the rank and salary, that they so richly deserve.

"THE SERVICE."

In the meantime I must be telling something of what I have learned regarding Admiral Benson, who, by the way, seldom gives out anything for publication. It is a way with the Navy men, it seems, and most of the regular Army men, too; they utterly dislike the faintest appearance of exploiting themselves. It is all in the way of "the service." My! but they are devoted! The British Admiralty is only now beginning to disclose something of its work; and no doubt it will be a long, long time before the complete story is known. Our Navy Department is scarcely less reticent, and our officers not a bit less so, and the public cannot imagine the extent or the nature of all that they have achieved, and cannot, of course, appreciate it as they would, if only they knew.

AMERICAN CONFIDENCE IN NAVY.

One thing, which Admiral Benson seems very proud of, is that the American public, though

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it may not accord full credit to their Navy, which he perfectly well understands, never for a moment lost confidence in its being able to cope with the situation, whether it was feeding all Europe in the teeth of the submarine menace, or furnishing all the munitions to fight, or doing both at once, and adding two or three millions to the Army at the same time. Even in England, where the traditional idea of complete dependence on Naval operations is more pronounced than anywhere else on earth, there was a sinking of public confidence more than one time during the war; and once it became so noticeable that the Premier himself, in one of his most vigorous speeches during the climax of it all, appealed to the people to give the Navy the credit that it rightly deserved. That such an appeal was not called for in our country was doubtless in part due to the Admiral's request, made, at the very outset, to the entire American press, which, in spite of their previous joshing of the Secretary of the Navy, brought them to the support of the department in a most cordial fashion.

QUICK ACTION.

The Admiral first came to Europe, after we went in, on the Colonel House mission, when the Inter-Allied Naval Commission was formed. Already we had taken an active part in the submarine chasing. In fact, less than thirty days after we declared war, Admiral Sims' flotilla of U-boat destroyers arrived at Queenstown and went into immediate service, while the first American gun had been fired two weeks before

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that, by the Mongolia, which, with a single shot, smashed the periscope and killed the commander of a German sub-marine.

RAPID DEVELOPMENT.

As soon as the Inter-Allied Commission was formed, it was agreed that the United States would furnish a certain given number of destroyers, chasers, submarines, mines, aircraft, and of all the other numerous divisions of the Naval forces, including the Marines; and, that first contribution agreed on, though I may not give the figures, was perhaps greater than the whole American Navy was generally supposed to be; for at the outbreak of the war, in 1914, we had only eight dreadnaughts, about twenty pre-dreadnaughts, twenty-five cruisers, fifty destroyers and a naval man strength of about sixty-five thousand officers and men.

Some idea of the development done afterwards may be gathered from the conditions shown in last year's report of the Department, which gave nearly one-half million as the number of officers, sailors and Marines in the service, all of whom are volunteers, and showed thirty new steel shipyards, over two hundred shipbuilding ways and over three hundred launching ways. One of these shipyards alone had a capacity of over a million and a half deadweight tons output per year, which is fifty-five per cent of the greatest amount of tonnage ever turned out in the whole British Empire in one year.

Details as to the number, the class or the kind of United States Naval craft, may not be given,

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but I am reliably informed that a year ago the United States was building more destroyers than any two navies of the world had three years before. Another striking comparison is, that, from the beginning of the American Navy in 1794 until 1916, a hundred and twenty-two years, our country spent for all naval purposes, a great deal less money than we have spent in the little more than two years since.

EXTRAORDINARY CAPACITY.

I cannot help but wonder at the capacity of a man, who is Chief of Naval Operations conducted on such a tremendous scale, who sits at all the meetings of the Supreme War Council, who must keep in his mind a very multitude of activities, in order to co-ordinate the movements of the Shipping Board, the War Trade Board, the Food Supply Board, Ordnance and Munition Departments, not to mention the transportation of the greatest force of soldiers ever sent overseas.

BOUND FOR HOME.

Next week I shall go to Rome. It is arranged that I may see the Holy Father in private audience, which is an opportunity I would not let pass. I shall write from the ancient city, although perhaps but little, for one's time, however long, is short in Rome; and it is now eight years passing since, with my parents, I was there. Upon my return to Paris, let us hope, there will be news of the Peace Conference, which now, so far as anything definite goes, is quite moribund.

**Received In Audience. Successful Knights of
Columbus Club.**

ROME, Apr. 10.—We left Paris Saturday afternoon on a kind of special train, that goes straight through to Rome, and which carries a sleeper, something that is quite a luxury over here in these times, when most all traveling is in the way of sitting up all night in a stuffy little compartment. War I had almost forgotten in Paris—the beautiful spring sunshine and re-enlivened gaities were pushing it so far into the past—but it came back very forcefully when we had to leave our berths at 2:00 a. m., pack the luggage, gather up our passports and join a sleepy line of other travelers out on the platform in the cold, dark night. We were on the French and Italian border; and there our permission to enter Italy had to be ratified.

SUNNY ITALY.

On awakening the next morning, we were running right alongside of the inimitably blue Mediterranean, where we had an excellent view of those high, rough and rugged promontories that jut out into it, and on the other side those beautiful quiet Italian hillsides. The shelf-like arrangement of the hills and the charming pale coral-colored houses with the pastel green shutters, on the very slopes of the hillside, all presented a most delightful scene. It was just hap-

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py, colorful Italy again. Passing through Pisa in the afternoon, where we caught a fine view of the Leaning Tower, we arrived in Rome at 10:00 o'clock that night.

CONFESSIO AT MIDNIGHT.

Near midnight a chaplain came to the hotel and heard our confession in order that we might attend Mass at the Vatican the following morning; and next morning we were passing the Swiss Guards into the Vatican by a quarter before 7:00. I had heard that there are eleven thousand rooms in this vast building or palace—for it is a series of buildings linked together and connected by an interminable labyrinth of spacious rooms and corridors—and I certainly believe it. I was never in so many courtyards, wide halls, grand stairways up and down; and oh! the number of guards and servants!

Somehow there was a hitch in our arrangements; and all our pleadings to attend the Holy Father's Mass were met with respectful but very firm refusals. Finally, in spite of the early hour when it seemed a shame to awaken one, I resorted to Archbishop Cerritti, to whom I had a letter from our own Archbishop Bonzano; and he immediately obtained for us the desired favor, and later gave us every counsel and assistance in our audience with the Holy Father, which was arranged for Thursday.

AT THE HOLY FATHER'S MASS.

The Holy Father's Mass this morning was not attended by any solemn ceremonies—just

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a low Mass, which really, according to one's mood, may be the most devotional of all Masses. It was immediately followed by another low Mass of thanksgiving, during which the Holy Father knelt on a prie-dieu in the chancel. The Holy Father's Mass was offered for French widows, of whom there were some seventy-five present. All received Holy Communion, Mrs. Gebhard, who was with me, and myself wearing over our heads, as the conventions require, little black veils, which made us appear very much at home with the bereaved women.

THE PAPAL CHAPEL.

The simple but striking beauty of the chapel, and perhaps, even more the comforting restfulness of its atmosphere were, I must confess, somewhat distracting. It is of rather small size, done in rich cardinal red with pale yellow silk hangings at the windows, which are on each side of the altar, and through which bright cheering rays of sunshine spread out over the whole chapel. On the plain side walls are hanging cabinets, containing the rarest collection of old silver and gold sacred vessels, that is to be seen anywhere in the world. The pews are wooden but very ornately carved with luxurious kneeling cushions and elbow rests, all red velvet. Everything within the chapel presents an air of such undisturbable serenity and simple though lovely beauty, that it is very, very charming, and very prayerful, too.

During the next two days, while waiting for our audience with the Holy Father, we had time again to see some of the interesting beautiful

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things, that are so plentiful about Rome. We saw those wonderful St. Mark's horses the day before they returned to Venice after their safe-keeping in Rome during the bombardment of Venice. They were in the courtyard, just opposite the Victor Emmanuel Memorial. This memorial is worth seeing itself, although it is yet unfinished. When completed, it will have cost some fifty million dollars. We climbed to its very top, where one has a splendid view of the city. Below I could see miserable living conditions, where thousands of persons, lean and hungry-looking live all crowded together in squalid buildings, that surround this mammoth statue of marble—one-tenth of which would be too much for a memorial to a King, when his people face distress, if not disaster.

We went to the Trappist monastery, which to me is perhaps of all places the most interesting in Rome. We visited the chapel where St. Paul was beheaded and the three fountains sprang suddenly from the ground. And, oh, the lovely magnificent old gardens that we saw!

WONDERFUL ST. CLEMENT CHURCH.

The Church of St. Clement is very impressive. It is a splendid old Church of the eleventh century. In 1860 an Irish priest discovered underneath it another complete church, dating from the fourth century; and later there was discovered beneath the fourth century church the very house of Pope St. Clement of even the first century. Is not this truly wonderful?

When the day for our audience with the Holy Father arrived, a general strike of all divisions

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of labor had been declared for twenty-four hours. It was a simple Bolsheviki venture, aimed to try out their strength and to be a general protestation to the Government about labor conditions. Every sort of trouble was expected on that day; and the one hundred and fifty cards of admission for audience with the Holy Father had all been canceled. Our special private audience, however, was not prevented, although we had to walk through rain for one hour and a half, almost the whole distance from one side of the city to the other in order to reach the Vatican. You see, the strike had stopped all manner of conveyance for the day; and everyone had to walk regardless of one's mission. I felt almost as if I were on a pilgrimage, and that the only thing lacking was a staff.

RECEIVED IN AUDIENCE.

We were received in one of the small rooms of the Pope's own apartment. The Holy Father speaks no English at all, but excellent French, of course; and through this medium I asked him for his blessing and for a message to the Catholic Press for the Catholic people of America. He was most kind, most gracious and generous with his blessing, which he gave to me, to the Catholic Press, the Catholic people and all the people of my Country, especially for all the sacrifices they had made during the war. This was for me the great adventure.

Today we returned to the Vatican to receive the autograph picture of the Holy Father, that he had told us would be waiting for us. Tonight, directly in fact, we leave Rome, and start

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on our return to Paris by way of the French Riviera.

SUCCESSFUL K.-C. CLUB

I have yet a little time, in which to mention the very successful Knights of Columbus Club here. A great many soldiers come to Rome on their leave; and the Club is very convenient to them. If they wish, they can stay there, as it has sleeping accommodations for about one hundred and fifty. There is also an excellent canteen service. Breakfast is regularly served; and the club has the reputation of making the best coffee in Rome. It has also a very convenient arrangement of delightful sight-seeing trips, that may be taken each day with a guide.

Profiteering. People Dissatisfied. The Government Criticized.

PARIS, April 20, 1919.—My first “vacation” since coming over on this mission for the Catholic Press, was spent in two delightful days at Nice, on the way returning from Rome to Paris. The flowers were in full bloom, the trees heavy-laden with foliage, the sunshine glorious, and everything bright and green and fairly teeming with freshness and life. Nice reminds one very strikingly of Atlantic City, in its position and front, with its long drive-way facing the ocean, but in other respects they are not of the same type at all. And really, I suppose there is only one Atlantic City in the world.

The most alluring beauty of Nice—at least, to me—is seen in the mountains, that rise high up in small points just behind the village, as if inviting one, in their grand and stately way, to come and rest forever, there, where the sea waves kiss their feet. The place is one of the most popular of all “leave” points. The Knights of Columbus have a club there, not with sleeping quarters, canteen or the like, but simply a meeting place with reading room and writing facilities, all very convenient and enjoyable.

THE PADEREWSKIS.

Arriving in Paris on my return, I found a

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delightful surprise awaiting me. The Paderewskis, whom I have known for some years, were here at the hotel. I had a very pleasant chat with Mr. Paderewski, busy as he is, but will not have a story from him until a little later.

The Premier of Poland has aged a great deal which, perhaps, gives him some advantage in his present position. He carries this with splendid grace, as one to-the-manner-born, and the "secretariat" accompanying him adds an imposing appearance, it is so large. This is the case with all of the plenipotentiaries; they each have a perfect army of specialists, experts, secretaries, guards, servants and I know not what. It is quite a mystery to me how they keep up with themselves and their various contingents, not to mention their keeping tab on the others, which they do not fail to do, or at least try to do, guessing at whatever they can not learn for a certainty, and usually guessing the worst.

SECRETARY BAKER.

Another very great pleasure was in store for me on my return; Secretary of War Baker had sent to find out when I could see him, as he had a message from my father. I hurried to the Crillon where he was making haste to depart, for this was the first intimate word from my parents since I came over. Of course, I was glad to see Secretary Baker himself, although I did not expect to have him say anything I might use in a letter, which he did not, except to tell me that he came over on the question of war expenses, which they are trying to settle to the mutual satisfaction of all concerned.

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MR. BARUCH'S VISIT.

Although Mr. Baker did not tell me, I knew of Mr. Baruch's visit over for the same purpose sometime before. It is said that, when he arrived, the French Premier sent for him and told him—in diplomatic language of the choicest selection, of course—that it would be a good idea to pool the cost of the war and have all the nations bear an equal share of the immense sum, but it seems that he failed to impress Mr. Baruch. In fact, notwithstanding the perfectly evident way, in which it would simplify such an important matter as book-keeping, Mr. Baruch demurred. He, perhaps, was not quite so eloquent, and could hardly be so cleverly diplomatic, as the French Premier, but it is said that he managed to convey the impression that it was "no go." The next day it was quite definitely rumored that the French Government had sent a notice to Mr. Wilson that, in view of the fact that Mr. Baruch's father had been born in Germany, his presence was not desired in France, and Mr. Wilson had replied with unusual promptness, conveying the idea in plain terms that, when Mr. Baruch left France, the whole American Commission would go with him, which ended the matter.

ANXIETY OF THE FRENCH.

This incident goes to illustrate the deep anxiety of the French people, or at any rate, the French Government, over the financial state of the country, which has given rise to an unusual though perhaps unavoidable dilemma, and that is, the Government feels that it must secure ev-

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ery possible reparation from Germany and wishes at the same time to destroy her power to make money on a great scale. It is a case of killing the hen without depriving one of the golden egg. It is the imperative, undeniable present against the fearful, almost certain future, with both threatening disaster.

Germany can not be reduced to that state of impotence, where she will no longer be a constant and growing danger to France, unless she is at the same time stripped of everything that would enable her to pay damages to any great extent or in anything like the sum necessary to give relief. To determine the line of departure, as it were, and find out just how much the Germans can pay without being reinstated, is the work of experts, a long, tedious, trying task, that, at best, must be doubtful in the end.

PROFITEERING.

In this situation it may seem surprising that there are French citizens, who take advantage of the hard lines of their country in order to make money. It would be very surprising did we not know of cases of "profiteering" in our own country, even in the midst of war; but, going down to Mondane the other day, I saw standing on the tracks many hundreds of freight cars, all German, marked Berlin, etc., which of course, are in the possession of the French, having been delivered to France for her use, according to the terms of the armistice. These cars are all in perfectly good condition, I hear, and they appear to be, but they stand there rusting, while the country clamors

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for freight cars, because it seems, some concern or combination is strong enough to prevent their use and is forcing the Government to buy new ones.

A similar instance appears in the case of a thousand Ford cars, that are standing on the docks at Marseilles. I am told that they were ordered by the French Government, which, after they had arrived, had been paid out of custom and been unloaded, cancelled the order, and then Mr. Ford offered them, at a price greatly reduced, to the public, but they are not sold; the people are not allowed to buy them; a car very similar to the Ford has appeared on the French market; and the American machines, or any other for the matter of that, will not be suffered on the market.

PEOPLE DISSATISFIED.

There may be perfectly good reasons for the Government permitting such things, sound business and financial reasons, I do not pretend to know; but the reasons are not public, while the things are public, glaring; and, of course, there are many more such cases than just those mentioned, all of which is in the way of making an already sorely tried people still more dissatisfied.

And, naturally, however little it may be deserved, the criticism and blame for everything wrong falls on the head of the Government, the French Premier, whose popularity brightens and fades with each turn of the fortunes of France. I am wondering—but not I so much as those who are deeply, vitally and immediate-

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ly concerned, the patriotic, liberty-loving but distressed French people—whether the Clemenceau Government can possibly come out of the Conference without having its colors lashed to one or the other horn of the dilemma, that it has been powerless to avoid. Only one thing seems sure, which is that it is true now as of old: “The French can not eat their cake and keep it, too.” A Germany, strong enough to be still threatening and dangerous, will likely make Foch again the man of the hour. A Germany prostrate and a France disappointed of financial restoration and stirring with discontent may shift the Government into the most radical lines; and the shade of Jaures may come forth to grasp the reins of power.

**Countess Turchnowicz's Party. A Knight of
Columbus Present.**

PARIS, May 4.—It seems my fortune to meet everything coming in the way of strikes. There was a general strike while I was in Rome; and last Thursday, May 1, there was one here. I am beginning to learn how very inconvenient a "general" strike is, even though it proves no worse. Not a thing was working here Thursday—no trams, taxis, subways, electric lights, telephone, or any other general utility. All shops and department stores were closed; and none of the daily papers could go to press. Even cafes and restaurants of every class and description, including hotel dining rooms, were closed. It was pre-arranged, and the public had ample advance knowledge in order to prepare for this complete collapse of service of all kinds. The evening before, the grocery shops, bake shops, and supply shops of all kinds of edibles were filled to overflowing with panic-stricken Americans and excited French people, every person being assured that there would be food for all, and inwardly fearing that it would all be gone before his turn came.

RUMOR OF LITTLE REVOLUTION.

In a way it was somewhat amusing. A rumor had been spread that the strike would be the occasion of a little French revolution, that

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might last several days; and, with this in mind, many persons were preparing everything possible. All branches of the American Expeditionary Forces were ordered to keep off the streets throughout the day, and private citizens, although not forbidden, were warned it would be safer to stay at home, darken their windows and barricade their doors.

JUST HAD TO HAVE A LOOK.

After I had remained in my room until far in the afternoon, not without expecting or at least somewhat fearing to hear news of an outbreak most any minute, I just had to see something of what was going on and how these strange people act, who, when they declare a holiday for themselves, force others to remain off the streets and lock themselves in doors.

I walked down into the lobby (the elevators, of course, were not running), and there it was almost as dark as night, with no lights burning and all the windows tightly covered with iron shutters to ward off the expected bullets and missiles from the crowd. Only the concierge and one bellboy were on duty, both in plain clothes, as if they remained for the sake of courtesy alone. The concierge was guarding the door, and would unlock it and let one pass out quickly—if one were that venturesome—and hastily lock it again.

STREETS CROWDED WITH PEOPLE.

Outside, I found the pavements and streets literally crowded with people, with none, however, having murderous intent on his face, but

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apparently more concerned in finding some pleasure, although doubtless much disappointed with the constant downpour of rain that was spoiling their holiday. I walked toward the Place de la Concorde, but was stopped several blocks on this side and told that no one was allowed to go farther. There were fifty gendarmes across the Rue de Rivoli blocking further progress; and I cut across and walked up through the Boulevard until I reached the Madeleine, the doors of which, like those of the homes, had been sealed for the day. Here was the center of activity. On the mammoth portico of the church and covering all the forty or fifty steps leading up to it was a solid mass of people, so that there was not left room for one more person. And from the steps all the way down to the Rue Royale into the Place de la Concorde it was as closely packed as if one immense giant were filling the whole space.

A TINGE OF "RED."

There had been a regiment of *poilus* placed at the head of the Royale, but they yielded to the pressure and persuasion of the surging and jolting crowds and let them break through, which brought a tremendous loud cheer and a verse of the "*Internationale*" from every one for blocks around. The young sewing-girls especially, all wearing long red blouses, were having great fun out of the situation. Flower venders were everywhere; there must have been one each two feet in the streets, but they had nothing to sell except a small artificial red flower, especially made for the day.

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U. S. NERVE.

From the Madeleine I walked a long distance around in order to get into the Champs Elysees, intending to reach the Concorde; and finally, after having been stopped for the hundredth time, in desperation I pointed to a *poilu* as commandingly as possible: "*Militaire, Militaire!*" when the soldiers parted, and we hurried down the Champs into the forbidden Place.

Here there was a whole regiment of French calvary holding back the crowd in Rue Royale, which, although not displaying any ill-nature, was deeply stirred and excited. For a moment I looked up at the great Madeleine; and its imposing dignity seemed to give off such an impressive calmness that I imagined it was maintaining the sanity and equilibrium of the swarming masses in the streets below. After talking to the Provost Marshal for a few minutes, who intimated there would be a cavalry charge in a short time unless the crowd dispersed, I returned to the hotel.

The doors were locked, but the concierge recognized me, and I was allowed to enter. Little alcohol stoves, provided beforehand, were burning in each room; and the odors of coffee, chocolate and burnt bread were drifting through the corridors, while people were speaking in hushed whispers about the terrific strength of labor, when it was able to do such things as took place that day.

"A SITUATION.

It occurred to me that these children-like

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crowds in the streets did not near so much appreciate their strength as my whispering anxious friends. But I could not help but think that there is a "situation" here, that must sooner or later come to a climax. And I would much prefer being some other place when it comes.

COUNTESS TURCHNOWICZ'S PARTY.

I must tell you something of my interview with Countess Turchnowicz of Lithuania, whose book, "*When the Prussians Came to Poland*," was so popular at home last year. It was only by chance that I heard she was in Paris, stopping at the Petrograd Hotel (a Y. W. C. A. Hostess House); but, when I called to see her I was directed to a private home, where I found her in the midst of a dinner party of eight or ten persons, whose chief interest in Paris, if not in life, is their country, Lithuania, about which they seemed very glad to talk. One of them is the Lithuanian Prime Minister, Augustin Voldemar. Another, Martynas Ytchas, is the Lithuanian delegate to the Peace Conference. The former once held a chair in the University of Petrograd, is quite a scholar, and speaks seventeen languages fluently. The latter was Minister of Education under Kerensky, and a member of the old Russian Dumas. He was held in prison for four months by the Bolsheviki, and told me that he himself had seen the original "Sisson Papers."

A KNIGHT OF COLUMBUS PRESENT.

Among others present was B. F. Mostowski from Detroit, a Knight of Columbus. He was

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in the service over here, doing propaganda work for Mr. Creel. The famous Princess Radziwill and her husband were also there. Another American was R. J. Caldwell from New York, a special United States Industrial Commissioner. Countess Turchnowicz herself is an American by birth and only a Lithuanian by marriage. She is National Commissioner of Charities for Lithuania, and has just returned from the United States, where she made an extensive tour, but unfortunately, so a rumor runs, before sailing for this side, she apparently connected herself with some persons whose loyalty is perhaps not above reproach.

LITHUANIA AND THE POLES.

Lithuania is almost wholly a Catholic country, and next to Belgium, perhaps, suffered most severely during the war, as, like Belgium, it was the broken and prostrate buffer between two great enemy powers. The Poles want this State to be a part of their country, but the Lithuanians desire absolute freedom, and if they cannot have this they frankly confess they would rather be attached to Russia or Germany than to be a part of a small new State like Poland. This creates a rather difficult problem like, perhaps, a hundred other problems, with which the conference has to deal, and in approaching which they encounter many cross currents of opinion and more or less vital and conflicting interests.

The Countess Turchnowicz left Paris the next evening after the party, being apparently rather nervous at the station where I saw her again.

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She was planning to go by way of Germany, and, having had so many experiences with those people during the time she was held a prisoner by them and while they occupied her house in Poland, she felt a certain uneasiness in confronting them in their own country, and kept remarking that she feared she would never return.

Will Congress Accept the Trust Recommended by the President?

PARIS, May 10.—Now I must write you something about Armenia, which, we are told on all hands, will be henceforth, for a long time at least, governed by the mandate of America, if the American Congress shall ratify the agreement, that, it is understood here, has been made among the Powers. Of course, nothing has been given out officially to this effect, but there seems scarcely any doubt—and I imagine it is quite well settled—that President Wilson will ask Congress to accept the mandate of this ancient country of the near East, whose name has become a synonym for martyrdom.

WANTS U. S. AS MANDATORY.

The Armenian representatives have no hesitancy in expressing their wish to be under the mandatory of the United States. They realize that their country will not be strong enough for a long time to stand on her own feet; and they have no desire for a combined international control, as experience, they say, has shown it to be too cumbersome, too slow, altogether too unwieldy, to admit of national progress. It is very clear to them that among the Powers, which are able to stand sponsor for their coun-

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try while she is developing strength, the one least likely to be tempted to take advantage of this position is America, because, apart from her disinterested motives in the late war, she is not bound by any traditional colonial policy or hampered by any other near East interest, all of which, I am told, makes her most acceptable as The Big Brother of the little Armenian nation.

BOGHOS NUBAR PASHA.

This view is expressed in a recently published article authorized by Boghos Nubar Pasha, son of the famous Nubar Pasha, Prime Minister of Egypt, whom Lord Milner paid a very high tribute for his country. The younger Nubar Pasha is President of the Armenian delegation and the recognized leader of the Armenian people, being supported, it is said, by all Armenian parties. It is his idea that, while a provisional suzerainty is necessary for the protection of his country, it will only be a few years until the New Armenia will be capable of self-government and self-defense as well; and he is very careful on all occasions to emphasize the opinion that the provisional government will recognize from the very first the principle of local administration. While he realizes that, perhaps, the local officers would have to be nominated at first, he thinks they could be succeeded almost at once by officers duly elected.

BOUNDARIES OF NEW STATE.

It is very difficult for one to appreciate, even after study, the exact boundaries of the pro-

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posed New Armenia, because they are not natural boundaries in all respects, but, as nearly as I can describe it, the new State will extend on the East considerably beyond the old Russian boundary into Caucasia, to the frontier of Georgia—famous as the country of the most beautiful women in the world—and on the South by the Tartar lines, and on the West to meet the Arabs,—lines that are said to be rather clear as to nationality and not likely to involve any serious dispute. On the North the boundary would be the Black Sea.

These boundaries include about one hundred and twenty thousand square miles, in which between two and a half and three million people live. The land is said to be very rich and fertile, and the people unusually industrious for Eastern people, chief reasons perhaps for their being able to survive the policy of extermination for so many years followed in Turkey.

Religiously, the population is almost wholly Non-Uniate Greek, dependent on Constantinople, with about sixty thousand Catholic, and perhaps half as many Protestant.

UNFORTUNATE POSITION.

Nubar Pasha compares the position of Armenia in the war with that of Belgium, a large portion of it being in a sense the prostrate buffer between Russia and Turkey. But even before the war, he says, "Armenia's crime was that she lay between the Turks of Europe and their Tartar kinsmen of the Caucasus and Central Asia; her existence was incompatible with Pan-Turanianism."

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“The Armenians’ moral claim to independence,” he adds, “is indisputable; the only argument against it is that the Ottoman policy of extermination has been so thorough, that there are not enough Armenians left to form the nucleus of a population—an argument for the murder of small civilized nations to admit the survival of imperialism.”

“Apart from its iniquity,” he concludes, “this policy of extirpation has been a species of economic suicide, for it has killed the seeds of productivity. Fertile lands lie sterile under the dead hand of the Turk, whereas the Armenians are among the most practical, intelligent, industrious, and prolific races of the East. Each one of these qualities has been a count in the Turk’s indictment of them; but whether in the character of civilizing agents, or as the seed of material regeneration, they are the only possible inheritors of the soil which is historically their own.”

“In a few months the New Armenia should be a reality. The lifting of the dreadful shadow, in which the country has been shrouded, is the greatset service that the war has done for civilization in the East. Full reparation is impossible, but the liberation of a people, whose name has become synonymous with martyrdom, and who have long been threatened with extinction, will have been achieved. The extraordinary endurance of the Armenians under persecution, their faithfulness to their nationality and religion, is a certain pledge of the future solidarity of the race.”

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HOW WILL CONGRESS ACT?

It will be very interesting to see how our Congress will receive the recommendation of Mr. Wilson to accept the mandate over this people, if that be his recommendation. Some here are wondering, too, whether or not this mandate will be coupled with that over Constantinople also, which presents a largely different aspect of the situation, as the Constantinople mandate, it is said, would be with a view to permanency and more open to the objection that it was being accepted in order to preserve the balance of power in Europe rather than for the purpose of tutoring the people in the views of self-government.

Those who speak in behalf of Armenia alone tell me that they would much prefer that the mandate over them should go before our Congress detached from any other possible mandates, that the United States might be asked to accept, as in this way only can their ultimate aspiration and our traditional policy be worked out in harmony and without suspicion or fear.

The Sad and Horrible Waste of the World War

PARIS, May 15.—I have just visited the grave of Joyce Kilmer, the first American man-of-letters to make the supreme sacrifice at the front in this war. We motored over from Chateau Thierry to the place where he lies, through the most beautiful country that I felt I had ever seen,—great rolling hills and wide, deep valleys stretched out in view as far as one could see.

The constant rains of the early Spring had ceased, and the whole country side was rich and green, with that wet, fresh green that is so invigorating and delightful. Lilac trees were everywhere in bloom, wafting their sweet fragrance into the air; and by the roadside through the valleys ran the murmuring waters of that never-to-be-forgotten stream, the quiet, little Marne.

Amidst these pleasant surroundings one might think there had never been a war.

A LITTLE AMERICAN GRAVEYARD.

We passed through Fere-en-Tardenois, which had been shelled so severely and so repeatedly that it was long since only a heap of stone. From here on to the village of Seringes, which, too, is demolished and desolate. Right on the edge of this deserted village there is a little American graveyard, where are buried six hundred of our sturdy, brave boys, who gave their

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lives in the war. And among them is—Joyce Kilmer.

This little cemetery is marked off by a low, rustic fence, with a short steeple gate, and a small wooden cross on the top. At the head of each grave is a cross, on which there is a small plate telling the name, date and place of death, if these are known. Many a cross that I passed, however, sent a tremor into my heart, as the tragic-sad inscription, "American Unknown," greeted my tear-dimmed eyes.

BESIDE THE CROSS THE FLAG.

Beside each cross at the head of the little mounds in this hallowed spot stood a small American flag. They were furled and quiet, unmoved by a breath of air—six hundred silent sentinels they seemed; six hundred guards of honor for America's valiant dead!

On the left side as one enters is Joyce Kilmer's grave. I stood before it and read over and over again many times:

.....
: "Pvt. Joyce Kilmer, 165th Inf. :
: Killed in Action :
: July 30, 1918." :
: :

REMINISCENCE.

It seemed incredible! How often had I heard him lecture at my school, enjoyed his keen sense of humor, wondered at his alert and ready energy! His fresh outlook on the world, his enthusiasm and good-will made him seem so young that his life should be only beginning;

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and here he lies! But, too, I had heard him in moments of indignation, when he was outspoken and frankly set against the Germans, especially the time the Lusitania was sunk, when he wrote what is perhaps one of his most impassioned poems, "*The Red and the White Ships.*" And when I recall his wrought, intense feeling, stirred by the wanton destruction of things civilized and human, I know he must have died, feeling a deep satisfaction that he was a part of the struggle for better things and was given an opportunity to make the supreme sacrifice in a just and noble cause.

I could not help but think what a terrible price must be paid in order to make this old world of ours a fit place to live; and, after all, at best, at the very best, it is only a fit place to die. I smothered a half sob, and turned to look across the road where my glance fell on a beautiful grove of slender pine trees, and again, as once before at Belleau Woods, and often when I see tall trees lifting their arms toward Heaven, as it were, those exquisite lines of Kilmer's run back and forth through my mind:

"I think that I shall never see,
A poem lovely as a tree,
.....
For poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree."

AT REST.

Hills! valleys! trees! sunshine! and, except for the distant chirpings of little birds, a calm,

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as serene and unruffled as the sleep of death!
it seemed a spot that Kilmer himself might
have sought out for quiet, reflection, and rest.

Havoc of War at Chateau Thierry, Soissons, and Rheims.

PARIS, May 23.—I have just completed one of the most interesting of my side trips over here. We left Paris Friday night, May 9, at 8:00 o'clock on a Metz special, which was overcrowded with officers and secretaries, returning to the Army of Occupation Headquarters. Arriving at the station, some minutes before the time for departure, we secured comfortable positions, although we were compelled to stand, which, however, did not seem so forbidding in the prospect of the journey occupying only two hours; but, after we had waited many minutes beyond the leaving schedule, we still were in the station—where we remained for exactly two hours before starting—thus having experienced all the discomfort of the journey without having taken it, which shows that, after all, there are certain kinds of French cake, of which one can eat and keep it too.

MISHAPS OF JOURNEY.

We were scarcely well out of Paris, when we had the misfortune of having two trucks to run off the track. This time we knew it would be a long wait; and everyone got out on the platform for a bit of air, to pass time, and

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keep from thinking of the increasing delays. We opened our improvised canteen, all supplied with K. C. goodies, which we never start anywhere without taking a supply of, and distributed chocolate and cigarettes, to find ourselves very popular in consequence, as American cigarettes are the open sesame to the most excellent service anywhere in France.

When we finally again started, it was one o'clock, and all of the fortunate seat holders were curled up for the night. Being yet some miles from Chateau Thierry, our first destination, we decided that some sort of seating accommodations would be acceptable, if not indeed advisable; and, just as the train was moving, some American soldiers, who are always willing to be obliging, scampered about until they rummaged up a long board and several stones and tin cans, which we quickly converted into a very comfortable bench, on which we sat, asleep and awake—about half and half—until four o'clock, when a sleepy French conductor walked through the train, and announced Chateau Thierry.

CHATEAU THIERRY.

There was not a light in the village, and one could almost cut the darkness, so that none knew where to turn. I had a rather vague sense of the general direction from previous trips, and we started that way, stumbling over the ruins of chateaus and through what were once bake shops, until we succeeded in reaching the "hotel," an improvised place of six or eight rooms, where the manager could offer us

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only his "lobby," as all the rooms were occupied; and so there we sat in a drooping circle around one pale little candle until morning. We had early *dejeuner*, and immediately departed for Soissons, very soon reaching the sections that showed obvious signs of the grim struggles that had there taken place.

The roads were lined on both sides with hundreds and thousands of yet unused shell. Ever and anon, the graves of men, who had fallen in solitary tragedy at intermittent spaces along the roadside and through the still uncultivated fields, jerked one up with a sad thought. The earth was torn with shell holes, and unexploded shell could be seen through the fields every place I looked. We passed on through numbers of small towns, all literally razed to the ground, and not a living being about anywhere. The only thing that could be seen standing up, was here and there a part of one wall of a ruined building. It all seemed so pitiful! But it was nothing, as we very quickly realized upon reaching Soissons.

SOISSONS.

Tragic! desolate! hideous! is Soissons. At the first glance one wishes to weep; another look, and one can not weep. All the stories I had learned, all the reading, all the pictures—even the sight of other battle grounds—had not prepared me for Soissons—a complete and utter wreckage! Grim, graduated and sweeping, as if a mighty horde of giants had trampled down some city built of egg shells.

In Paris I have seen mourning, but here I

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saw the unapproachable pathos of those poverty-stricken refugees, who have lost their all. That night I sat in a room with two old French women. One told me of her two sons and her husband, all lost in the war. It was late, lingering twilight, and she beckoned me to the window looking over the distant mountain, where was the burial place of her beloved. Great tears came to her eyes, but she quickly brushed them away and smiled. The other dear old French lady was there searching for her only son's grave. She was willing, though his father had gone before, that he should die for France, but she longed for the consolation of knowing where he lay.

The intense silence of Soissons seems its most terrible aspect. It is oppressive, suffocating! And to think that before the war here was a city of forty thousand inhabitants, now literally deserted. The faint chirping of birds and the beautiful blooming lilac trees seem a bitter mockery in that atmosphere. I saw perhaps a dozen people in the street, a few children, and they, too, were silent, and seemed fifty years old. Oh, it is all so terrible!

Sunday morning we attended 6:30 o'clock Mass in the small sacristy in the rear of the old Cathedral, which is no longer standing. On a table, near the side wall in the sacristy, were several small statues and many vestments—all that was saved from the ruins of the once beautiful and century-old church. A priest in French uniform said Mass. And there, in that little improvised chapel, crudely arranged, set up after the most terrible of wars, we heard

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the same old prayers; and the thought occurred to me how nothing on earth was ever able to shake the balance of the Church.

CHEMIN-DES-DAMES.

The same morning we started for Chemin-des-Dames. This country is a night-mare. Here are the battlefields where the Germans and the Allies fought in taking and re-taking Soissons. The same lines and trenches run on and on to the fields around Rheims, and up into the sector that marked the St. Mihiel salient. Here are the trenches and dug-outs of the famous Hindenburg line. It all seems a murdered earth! Torn and shredded and whipped with an interminable series of shell holes, that would hide a horse and a man; and not one thing green anywhere in sight! The trees are blown down and scattered over the fields, or else stand in writhed and twisted shapes, all black and dead. Through trenches, over wire entanglements, in mud ankle-deep, we came to the headquarter's dug-out in the Von Hindenburg trenches. Here was really a thing of comfort and almost of luxury. There were rocking chairs and tables, shelves around the walls, where books had stood, and the whole place wired with electric lights! Fancy!

RHEIMS.

Later in the afternoon we reached Rheims after a slow train journey, for, when the Germans occupied this territory, they placed explosives under each section of the rails; and, when they were forced to evacuate, they blew

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them up, and the rails lay along the roads all twisted like hair pins, which makes transportation very slow.

The devastation and destruction of Rheims is, perhaps, even worse than that of Soissons, but the spirit of the place is so greatly different, that one finds one's self interested quite as much as saddened, for one sees living beings about; and there is already an awakened spirit and an appearance of enterprise. Before the war there were forty thousand houses in Rheims, of which five escaped shell fire. Thirteen thousand were razed level with the ground; and I do not know how many thousand more were there with only the walls left standing.

THE CATHEDRAL.

The Cathedral stands as a tragic queen, while making brave efforts to uphold those exquisitely wrought pinnacles. Even as I stood, I could hear the boom of great pieces falling inside. The glass of the famous Rose Window was removed and preserved, but what is that when one sees the ruination of this magnificent Gothic temple as a whole! And yet it is not destroyed. It is desecrated, torn and wounded in all its parts; but still it stands as if it might be symbolic of the Church, that has stood and suffered with her children in France.

It was night, and a full moon shed its silvery sheen over the open square, which made the wreckage even more vivid than in the day. I looked at the great twin towers, rising in the beautiful moonlight, which magnified them, it seemed, in its shimmering gleam, and thought

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of that day when the Germans sent ten thousand shell into the city between the dawns, and how this terrible deluge continued, day after day, for four long years. And still this proud Gothic frame pushes its steeples into the skies; and it seemed a verification of the truth, "The Gates of Hell shall not prevail against her."

"THERE MUST BE NO MORE WAR."

Curiously, I myself felt no burning hatred against an enemy; and with the people of these districts you hear little railing against an enemy. It is all an example of war; and that is what I felt bitter against; that is the great plea from all those real sufferers: "There must be no more war."

How Germans and Americans Feel Toward Each Other. Trier Relics.

LOUISVILLE, KY., July 7.—It was a surprising delight to me to return home after my several months abroad;—to see the prosperous condition of my own dear Country, after witnessing the almost universal distress that prevailed “over there”;—to be once more with a contented and naturally cheerful people, after so long in surroundings where everything wears the aspect of anxiety only tempered by a gaiety that is plainly forced.

Of course, things abroad will all change very quickly, now that the treaty is signed and peace is no longer in doubt; and I can imagine that even the German people must feel a great sense of satisfaction at the end, even though it is a severe thing for them.

AMERICAN SECTOR OF OCCUPATION.

My last short trip before leaving Paris was up into Germany, through the American Sector of Occupation. Naturally, I was deeply interested in seeing the occupation troops, and the manner in which they were being received, and the way they treated the population. I was, perhaps, even more bent on seeing the K. C. activities in that vicinity, for, according to all reports in Paris, they were remarkably flourishing. And I was very much gratified in both cases.

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SHORT STOP AT METZ.

It was quite an all day's trip to Coblenz,—from 8:00 in the morning to midnight, with a brief intermission at Metz along about 2:00 o'clock, which was very welcome. While we had no opportunity to see much of the city on this trip, Metz holds an interest for the tourist for two principal reasons: first, the radiantly happy population, that has been freed from the yoke of Germany; and second,—and most interesting of all to the traveler, who had been used to the sky-scraping prices elsewhere—all expenses automatically discontinued from Metz and through the occupied region. There is no railroad fare; rooms I had without once hearing of a bill; and the meals served in the different officers' mess are as free as they are bountiful. It all seemed like a holiday excursion, and the troops take such a joy in all this dictatorship, that it is really delightful.

COBLENZ.

Coblenz is a most beautiful little city, situated where the Rhine and Moselle Rivers meet. The far-stretching green hills and cultivated fields make it seem rather strange how this could be the land of a defeated and vanquished people, after all I had seen of the devastation and ruin of France the Victorious.

The K. C. Clubs were nothing less than the reports had made them out,—splendid successes. The largest one was the Town Club for soldiers; and here every desk was constantly being used, while crowds were being served

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with food at all hours. Those delicious doughnuts, that have, I believe, become famous and certainly are the most popular refreshment among the doughboys, are made by the K. of C., the doughnut factory being their enterprise. This furnishes all the other welfare organizations with hot doughnuts every day.

Another K. C. Club is the Officers', where well appointed rooms are furnished, which has made the club very popular among the officers. Across the river there is a very old fort, now being occupied by our troops; and here, too, the K. C. has a large room, which it uses as a club. It was very gratifying to hear the good repute in which our K. C. service in this Sector was held, and to witness it verified myself.

HOW THEY FEEL.

In the midst of my rounds, I found myself frequently trying to fathom the real feelings of the Germans toward our men, and also that of our men toward the civil population, but it was very difficult. Some of our men are exceedingly complimentary in their report of the courtesies and good treatment they have received from the people in the occupied Sectors, while, perhaps, an equal number, on the other hand, reveal a more bitter dislike of the enemy than they had before. As for the Germans—I mean the German people—if they do not really feel kindly toward us, they make a very good pretense by the good treatment they seem to wish at all times to give. Perhaps, it is a method of propaganda, but if so, it has reached al-

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most every German citizen and it has done them good.

TRIER AND ITS RELICS.

After two days in Coblenz, I went on to Trier, which the French call Treves, and which is one of the oldest cities in the world. The old Roman walls and gates built by Constantine and the greater part of the palace that he built here for himself are standing quite intact. Scattered over the city are a number of old Roman baths; and the whole place seems permeated with the atmosphere of past ages. The religious relics here are the most interesting things to be seen. At St. Timothy Church, outside the walls of the city, is the largest piece of the True Cross in existence. There were also the relics of every Saint of whom I had ever heard, and many more. Although historically more interesting, Trier lacks the buoyancy, life and enthusiasm that one sees in Coblenz.

While I had to hurry back to Paris in order to make final arrangements for leaving, as I had secured passage for America on the 30th of May, I could not leave France without seeing the Argonne Forest, the place where the name of the **Yank** was made immortal. Verdun, too, I saw—a sad, desolate city. Of these I shall write anon.

**THE CATHOLIC PRESS ASSOCIATION OF
THE UNITED STATES AND
CANADA.**

Miss Edith Callahan
% Col. P. H. Callahan,
14th and Maple Streets,
Louisville, Ky.

Dear Miss Callahan:—

It is my duty and happy privilege as Secretary of "The Catholic Press Association of the United States and Canada," to inform you that at our Convention held in Washington, D. C., January 23-24, 1920, after a vote of thanks had been given to your esteemed father, the Convention by resolution ordered its Secretary to write a letter of thanks to Miss Edith Callahan in recognition of her services as special European correspondent of the Catholic Press Association, and of her efficient work in France.

The simple record of the duty imposed on me will better instruct your intuition as to the underlying cordiality and appreciation which prompted this resolution and unanimous action on the part of the Convention, than could any more elaborate attempt of a scribe with his pen.

In behalf of the Convention's cordial esteem for yourself and your services I therefore most respectfully subscribe myself

J. A. M. RICHEY,
Secretary,

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